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THE REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.

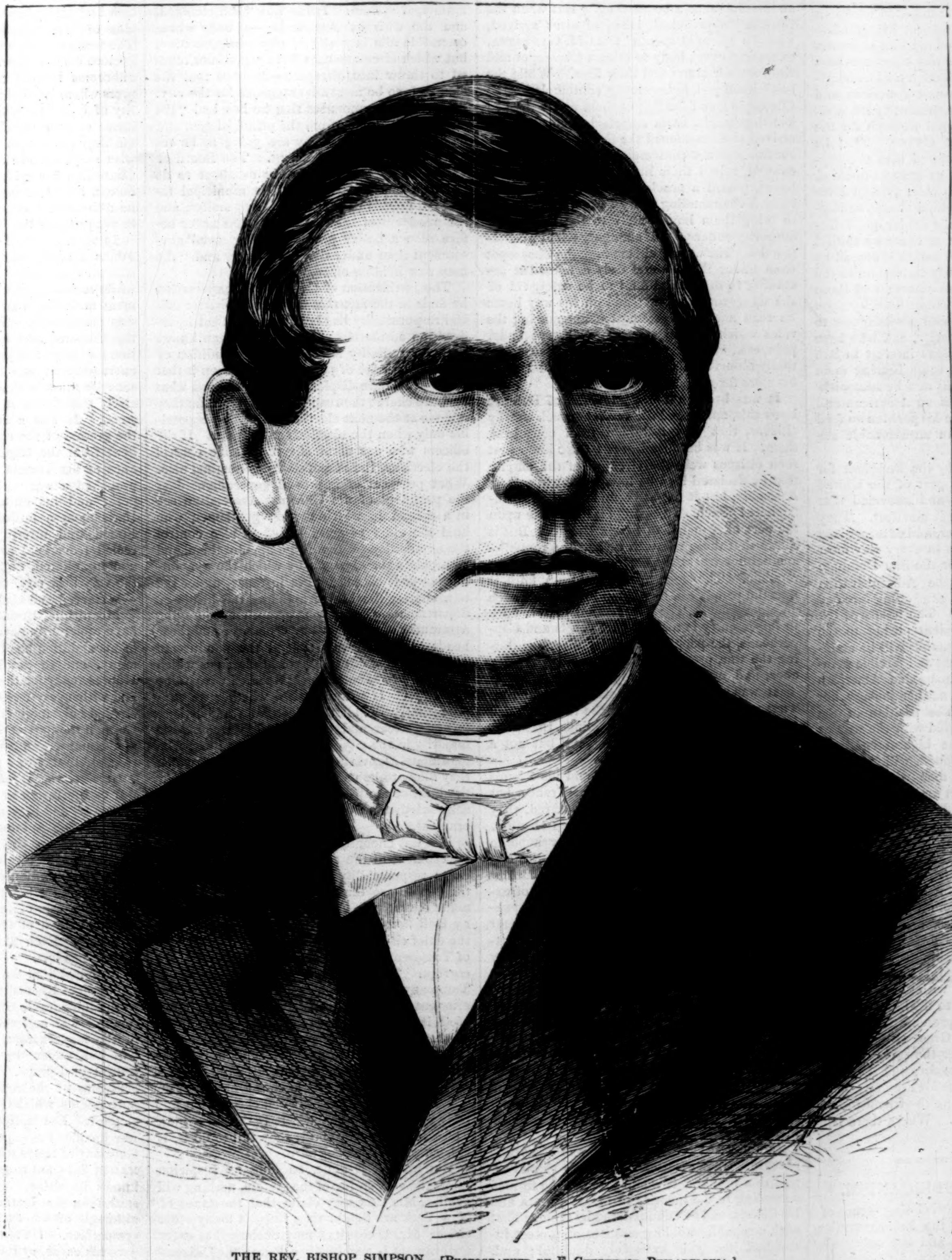
THE Rev. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a native of the State of Ohio. He received his academic training at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and afterward, we believe, studied medicine. In the year 1834 he entered the ministry in the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He soon became known as a most eloquent preacher, and attained a wide-spread popularity. In 1839 he was elected president of Asbury University, in Green Castle, Indiana. In this position his reputation and influence as a pulpit orator continued to grow, so that he was universally recognized as one of the foremost men of the State. In 1848 he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, one of the most important of the official newspapers of the Church. In 1852 he was made Bishop, and has filled the office with great efficiency, proving himself a successful administrator as well as a powerful preacher.

The Methodist bishops are required by the law of their Church to travel at large. Their superintendency is not diocesan, but general. They are, therefore, of necessity continually in motion, and their field of travel embraces the entire United States, with parts of Europe and Asia. It is not uncommon for a Methodist bishop to spend the winter in the extreme South, the spring in the Middle and New England States, the summer on the Pacific coast, and the fall in the nearer West. During these long tours they are incessantly occupied in holding conferences, preaching, dedicating churches, and administering discipline.

While pursuing this laborious life Bishop SIMPSON has maintained his position as an incomparable preacher. He is the only pulpit orator whom we have ever heard compared with HENRY WARD BEECHER. He is, however, more sympathetic than Mr. BEECHER, and his preaching is more marked by the production of an immediate and vivid impression upon his audiences than is that of the famous pastor of Plymouth Church. There is a contagion in Bishop SIMPSON'S voice which it is difficult to resist. Added to this are an easy flow of speech, a manner free from harshness, a glow of feeling which passes, by unforced transitions, into the tenderest pathos, and takes the hearer captive.

When the civil war broke out Bishop SIMPSON exerted himself to the utmost in promoting the work of suppressing rebellion. He was the trusted friend of the lamented LINCOLN, who often sought his counsel. His oration on "Our Country," which was delivered during the war in our principal cities, and in New York at the Academy of Music, will be long remembered by all who heard it for its overwhelming power. Upon the death of President LINCOLN he was selected to deliver the funeral oration at Springfield—a service which he performed with tender and touching eloquence. It was a worthy close of the prolonged funeral service.

In his episcopal administration Bishop SIMPSON has been distinguished for the breadth and liberality of his opinions on denominational questions. He has been from the beginning identified with the effort—just crowned with success—to secure lay representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Very recently he was selected by President GRANT as one of the commission to visit San Domingo, but was compelled by the pressure of other engagements to decline. He is still in vigorous health, and to all appearance capable of years more of active labor.



THE REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE DUKE AND THE INVENTOR.

THE propensity of military men, even of the highest genius, to cling to the ideas and fashions in which they have been educated was never better exemplified than by a correspondence which took place some years since between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Wright, the inventor of certain improvements in percussion-caps. In 1820 percussion fire-arms had already almost superseded the old flint lock; but there were still some practical objections to the innovation, which were readily taken advantage of by the old-fashioned shots of that day. The disadvantage of the detonating powder then in use was that it quickly rusted the lock of the barrel, that it was affected by damp, and that the charcoal in the gunpowder occasioned the accumulation of dirt. In that year Mr. Wright, who was an ardent sportsman as well as an excellent chemist, was led to turn to practical account some experiments he had made with fulminating mercury as far back as the year 1805, soon after its discovery. He primed some caps with a preparation of this powerful detonator, mixed with a solution of benzoin as a protection against damp, and quickly found by experiment that the idea was valuable. After many trials he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, pointing out the advantages of the new substance, as being free from damp, producing no rust, and being safer than the old preparation. In the same letter Mr. Wright suggested the application of the principle of percussion to ships' guns. The Duke's reply was as follows: "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Wright, and has the honor to inform him that the application of fire by percussion to naval ordnance has been considered by various committees of officers of the navy and of the artillery, each of which has decided against it in every form. There are strong objections to the use of the copper cap mentioned by Mr. Wright, which Mr. Wright has not taken into consideration."

The value of Mr. Wright's invention is now placed beyond doubt. In 1823 he published a full account of its process, and its superiority was soon afterward generally admitted; but although subsequently adopted by government, it never received any other official recognition than is contained in the above letter.

BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTT has described the battle of Bannockburn in imperishable verse; and even to this day, when all animosity between Englishmen and Scotsmen has happily passed away, and the two are one people, with only such slight differences of character and idiosyncrasy as to show that they are not twins, though excellent good friends and brothers, this story of the battle is never recited in Scottish ears without exciting a thrill of patriotic emotion. The battle was a fortunate accident or a happy achievement both for the Scotch and the English. It prevented the English from vaunting themselves too much, and it prevented the Scotch from considering themselves too hopelessly the inferiors of the English. Not but that the Scotch are somewhat vainglorious on the subject; but if they be, the little trait of character may be pardoned for the patriotic spirit that underlies it. Bannockburn is always the set-off to Flodden in popular estimation, and without it Flodden would be a sore subject. "So you are going to England to practice surgery," said a Scottish lawyer to a client, who had been a cow-doctor; "but have you skill enough for your new profession?" "Hoots! ay, plenty o' skill!" "But are you not afraid ye may sometimes kill your patients, if you do not study medicine for a while as your proper profession?" "Nae fear: and if I do kill a few o' the Southrons, it will take a great deal o' killing to mak' up for Flodden!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, February 25, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine Sketch, by* Mr. Julian Scott, *entitled,* "Morning Roll-Call at West Point;" *an attractive illustrated paper on* "The Ladies of Arequipa;" *a view of a* Hospital for Wounded Soldiers in the Palace of Versailles; *a finely illustrated Poem; and a large variety of interesting reading matter.*

THE JOINT COMMISSION.

THE reference of all the disputed questions between the United States and England to a commission of citizens of the best character and ability from both countries is a proposition so simple and satisfactory that it will be heartily applauded by every honest American and Englishman. A pacific settlement by the commission will be a most signal triumph for the administration of General Grant. That he should be personally associated with the suppression of the rebellion as general-in-chief, and that as President the chief foreign difficulty arising from the rebellion should be happily adjusted, would be a singular good fortune. To establish peace at home by skillful military operations, and to secure it abroad by wise negotiation, would fairly entitle him to the praise of an efficient peace-maker; and those who have imagined some secret hostility upon his part to Great Britain, and a willingness to resort to war to win popularity, and who have even believed that his zealous interest in San Domingo annexation had some bearing upon his hostile foreign plans, will now be admonished that he is too sagacious an American and too true a man to prostitute his position to feed a miserable jealousy or an unreasonable antipathy.

The gentlemen named by the President for the commission, upon the part of the United States, are so well known and esteemed that the wisdom of the selection is manifest. They are men of spotless character, and of recognized capacity. The selection is in every way most fortunate, and, like that for the San Domingo commission, shows that the Administration comprehends the great and controlling force of character in public affairs. The names of the commissioners are a sufficient pledge to the country that all its just demands will be maintained in the most intelligent and forcible manner, and with the most honorable American feeling. With such men neither jobbery nor Buncombe is possible. The position of the United States will be asserted with the utmost independence, and with the highest courtesy, and the British commissioners will feel that they are in contact with men who represent both the general conviction and the best character of the American people.

Of the British commissioners Sir Edward Thornton is favorably known in this country, and the Earl De Grey and Ripon is one of the most liberal and able of British statesmen. Mr. Bernard is a noted expert in international law; and the two gentlemen from Canada, if less known in the United States, are conspicuous in Canadian politics. It is fortunate that the commission is to sit in Washington, where the British members can acquaint themselves, as they could not in England, with the exact feeling with which they have to deal. They will learn that no sensible or representative body of Americans wishes or asks Great Britain to do what America would, under the same circumstances, scornfully refuse to do; and they will perceive how much it is possible even for diplomatists to effect in cementing the friendship of two great kindred nations. Where there is a will there is a way.

GAMBETTA REPUBLICANISM.

In the midst of the tragical closing scenes of the war in France, when the French armies seemed to be annihilated, and the only hope and prayer of humane men was for peace, M. Gambetta was reported as making "a splendid speech." When the armistice was concluded, and active hostilities ceased, and the election was ordered, M. Gambetta issued a proclamation prohibiting certain persons to be candidates. Those whom he prohibited were the members of the families that had reigned in France, and certain classes of persons who had held office under the empire. This proceeding showed both the absolute disintegration of political society in France, and the character and intelligence of those who call themselves republicans. M. Gambetta is one of a small number of gentlemen who, after the surrender of Louis Napoleon at Sedan, called themselves a republic, and seized authority. It was five months ago, and they have never even asked of the French people a justification of their *coup d'état*. And when all was over in the field, and the imperative necessity of the situation was to ascertain the wish of France, M. Gambetta—as absolute a usurper as can be conceived—declared that France should not express her will.

His conduct explains what seemed so strange to many persons in this country—the enormous majority for Louis Napoleon at the *plebiscite* of last May, and the vote of a man like M. Laboulaye for the empire. He said that the republican leaders in France had no respect whatever for liberty, and no conception of the essential conditions of constitutional government; and he thought the despotism of the empire preferable to the anarchy and tyranny of such a republic as the leaders proposed. Since those leaders seized power nothing has been more evident than their indifference to the wishes or to the condition of France. The country had been deprived of arms under the empire. In the country towns a Chassepot was as mysterious an instrument as a boomerang. But when the Germans approached, loads of arms arrived, with "a splendid speech" from M. Gambetta, exhorting every body to seize a Chassepot and rise for their altars and their fires. While the bewildered people hopelessly contemplated the Chassepots, and finally put them under the bed lest they might harm somebody, the Germans arrived and summoned the town. Defense, of course, was not contemplated. The Germans entered, raised their little flag over the town-house, posted a proclamation in German and French commanding every body who had arms to bring them immediately to the designated authority under pain of summary trial by court-martial. The worthy citizen took the Chassepot from under the bed and duly delivered it according to orders, thankful to be safely rid of the dangerous weapon; and on his way home he read another proclamation announcing the rules which every body was to observe under pain, etc., etc. And the worthy citizen punctually observed every one of them, and blessed his stars for a whole skin.

It was because the Committee of Defense knew this, and feared the verdict of such worthy citizens, that they refrained from consulting them. It was because Louis Blanc knew that such citizens were the strength of the empire that he declared it to be inexpedient to call an Assembly, lest it might be under improper influences! Such stultification is incredible upon the part of a man like Louis Blanc. But it shows that those who call themselves republicans neither trust the people nor comprehend a republic. The essence of republican faith is that the people *can* be trusted in precisely such an emergency. The justification of this faith in this country is that, despite rebels and Copperheads, the people, at regular elections during the war, pronounced for its steady persistence, and against compromise or surrender. That was the marvel of political skepticism. That was the annihilation of the theory, which was so sincerely held in many minds, that a republic was a pretty pleasure-yacht, but not a craft to weather a typhoon.

The object of M. Gambetta and his friends now is not to ascertain the will of France, but to establish a republic. If they dared, they would declare a republic without an election. But since that is impracticable, they hope to secure a majority for their purpose in the National Assembly by contriving that it shall not represent France. Yet the chief object of every patriotic Frenchman who is also a republican should be to know precisely the character and weight of opinion in the country. Whatever party may be found to be in the majority needs nothing more than an accurate knowledge of the force of the opposition. But this is the very knowledge which M. Gambetta would exclude. He knows, however, that when Louis Philippe's government suddenly disappeared, it had an enormous majority of the Assembly and of the voters of France. He knows that no government in France, whatever its form, can hope for strength or duration which does not spring from the clearly expressed preference of the people.

In any case, indeed, the future of France is obscure. If the National Assembly should establish a republic, it would probably be formed according to the theories of M. Gambetta and his friends, and be administered by them. That such a republic would guarantee or protect individual liberty is extremely doubtful; and, therefore, that it should have the sympathy of those who prefer a republic like ours, because it does offer the best chance of such a guarantee, is not clear. An American is certainly not bound by his political faith to admire, because of its name, the despotic oligarchy called the Venetian republic; and he will be slow to yield his faith, because of "a splendid speech," to a government called republican, but controlled by those who show no appreciation of the republican principle. Yet every monarchy in France, of whatever name, has so conspicuously failed that the question really seems to become one of men. If the result of the action of the Assembly should be to bring into power honest, able, and intelligent men, under whatever political form, it would be the dawn of a new day for that unhappy country, for they would found a sound system. But it can not be denied that a Gambetta government would not seem to be the happy day-spring.

A ROSY VIEW CONSIDERED.

That the government of the city of New York has long been a reproach is undeniable. Fifteen years ago, under the mayoralty of Fernando Wood, the general feeling of insecurity was so profound that citizens of all parties united in a request to the Legislature for relief, and the Police Commission was established. Since that day there has been a feeling of confidence in that department; but nobody denied that the system of municipal interference by the Legislature was unusual, although amply justified by the situation. The people of the State being the political society which granted a charter to the city, they could rightfully make such stipulations as the genius of popular government and the actual circumstances demanded. This was the justification of the late mixed municipal system. It has now been changed, and the Citizens' Association—a body whose ostensible aim is purity of city administration, but which circumstances have sometimes tended to throw into disrepute—declares that the change is to be most advantageous for the city. Its president announces that he has had "the strongest assurance from the principal men now holding power" that they are going to be remarkably honest and efficient. The Board of Docks he especially mentions as about to do its work most faithfully. The municipal future, in fact, is wreathed with rosy smiles, and the president of the Association has never before seen a better prospect of improved government than under the new charter and "the men now holding office."

The justification of this cheerful expectation he finds in the fact that by the new charter official responsibility has been fixed. That is, indeed, an admirable point. Every man knows that responsibility is the cardinal condition of the wise exercise of power. The reason is that if the people are displeased, they see upon what agent to charge the responsibility, and him they remove at the next election. But this is possible only when the elections are honest. If the officers who are nominally responsible control the elections, the responsibilty is nominal also. What prospect of improved government does the president of the Citizens' Association see in a system in which certain gentlemen who hold the chief responsible offices also control the nominations of those who appoint them, and manipulate the elections by which the appointing power is chosen? For instance, under the new charter the Mayor appoints the heads of departments, who now give such encouraging assurances of efficiency and economy; and those heads of departments control the nomination and the choice of the Mayor at elections which are known to be corrupt. "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." If we are asked whether we suppose that, with all the electoral frauds, there is not a clear and overwhelming Democratic majority in the city, the reply is that those who legitimate a government upon elections which they allow to be partially fraudulent must show the limit of the fraud before they can claim an acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the government.

It is not enough, therefore, to insist that the government of the city will now be better because responsibility is distinctly fixed, unless the people see that that responsibility can be made operative. At the present time Tammany Hall nominates and elects and appoints all the chief city officers. Yet under the auspices of Tammany Hall the elections are notoriously corrupt. The only way, therefore, in which Tammany Hall, which is practically the government of the city, can remove the conviction of all intelligent citizens that, despite the forms of the charter and of apparent responsibility, there is fatal and enormous corruption, is by securing elections honest beyond cavil. The masters of the city alone have the power to do it. Let them do it so fully and clearly that nobody can affect to doubt. It is the first thing which is demanded, and if they fail to do it, it is because they do not dare.

But until it is done, so long as suspicion taints the very spring of the system, nothing will avail. Mr. Cox may claim that the taxes of New York are lighter than those of many other cities; Mr. O'Gorman may declare that every government is necessarily a Ring; the Citizens' Association may aver that responsibility is at last settled; others may declare that the city is well governed because some vast plans of knavery are found even here to be intolerable, and because of fine promises for the future; others may proudly proclaim that life and liberty are safe, and justice secure; that the judicial bench is unspotted, and graced with magistrates before whom envy itself is dumb, and who have made the name of New York judge every where honored and beloved; that the streets are kept in perfect order; that the parks are a marvel of neatness; and that complaint is wanton malice. Yet until there is an honest election secured by those who have the power, and who adapt the proof of it to the condition of the public mind, the declaration of good government will fall upon justly incredulous ears.

Meanwhile, if the city government is more efficient than ever before, as is now claimed, it is because of the steady exposure of knavery made by the press; and the masters of the city, knowing the fatal tendency of absolute power, will, of course, welcome nothing so warmly as honest criticism.

BISMARCK'S "BLOOD AND IRON."

It is remarkable that throughout the French and German war the only trust-worthy news of its progress and events has been sent from the German head-quarters. The intense desire of the newspaper correspondents to convey important intelligence before any rival, has imposed upon the public the most amusing and unfounded stories. The latest illustration of this swiftness and uncertainty was the report of the terms that Germany intended to offer to France. These were duly reported, and the London *Times* and other great journals thundered accordingly. But before the reverberation had died away it appeared, as in the circles of Mrs. Gamp, that it was "no sich." The news was not authentic. Indeed, nothing is more comical than the idea that Bismarck unbosoms himself to every gentleman of the press whom he chances to meet; and the quantity of bread to the sack in all the glowing histories of Bismarck's conversations with those gushing gentlemen should have suggested a wise suspicion in this instance. The German Chancellor has evidently one valuable quality—he can hold his tongue and keep a secret; and he follows very closely Mr. Lincoln's wisdom in not jumping the stream until he reaches it.

In his account of his first interview with M. Jules Favre, four months ago, Count Bismarck suggested that it would not be worth while to talk of the possible terms of a settlement until they had agreed that an armistice was practicable. But neither Bismarck nor the Emperor have ever concealed their conviction that some adequate security against French encroachment was indispensable. What this security must in their opinion be was not precisely stated, but it was very distinctly understood. It was a cession of territory. And the ground of the claim has been also very evident from the beginning. France, in pursuance of her ancient policy of aggression, had provoked a war with Germany, and the Emperor and his glittering suit departed from Paris upon a military promenade to Berlin. Foiled and utterly overthrown, France has reeled from field to field, hopelessly defeated and humiliated, until Paris itself—the Mecca, the very holy city, of French pride and vanity—is starved and shelled into surrender.

Meanwhile Bismarck's view and purpose have apparently never changed. The scheme of his ambition has been to make Prussia Germany, and to paralyze Austria and France. He was ready for the war which France began, and with every fresh disaster he has comprehended only more clearly that the result would be upon the part of France an undying hatred of Germany, and a resolution to rise from the ruins of to-day to a glorious future of victory. To make what seems to him this inevitable war of the future as harmless as practicable to Germany, and to weaken France, he has scarcely concealed his intention to retain certain territory. It was the consciousness of this determination—a resolution which they interpreted by the intention of France in this war, and by its conduct in other wars—which inspired the first words of the Committee of Defense, "Not an inch of territory; not a stone of a fortress." Each side knew the stake, and France has lost.

In demanding the absolute cession of a certain strip of Rhenish territory without reference to the inhabitants Germany will follow the customs of war and conquest, and her disregard of the modern form of consulting the people will not, under the circumstances, excite the protest of Europe. Every government is too conscious of the reply, drawn from their own antecedents, which Germany would disdainfully suggest. But nothing in the conduct of the war justifies the expectation of the demand by Germany of terms wantonly humiliating. Bismarck does not respect public opinion, but he knows its value. He is the most sagacious statesman that Germany has seen since Stein, although of wholly different convictions and sympathies. He is not likely, therefore, to injure his cause, or touch the marvelous prestige of Germany in the war, by proposing what would forbid general acquiescence, and tend to justify a war of desperation.

Germany will undoubtedly demand Rhenish territory and a large indemnity. This last, added to the enormous expense of the war, will burden France with so heavy a debt that she will be under bonds to keep the peace, because the people would protest against further war taxation. And further than this Bismarck probably cares little. He is indifferent to the form of government that France may choose, because he is undoubtedly sure that, whatever the form may be, civil dissension is inevitable. And thus, if peace follows the armistice, Germany will recross the Rhine, leaving France shorn of provinces, staggering under a vast debt which she will not dare to increase, and torn with political strife. "The questions of this time," said Bismarck, some years ago, "are not to be settled by argument, but by blood and iron."

"AN EMPTY VISION."

Senator Howard, of Michigan, is reported to have remarked, after the great speech of Mr. Schurz upon the reform of the civil service, that the project was "an empty vision." The Senator from Michigan is in illustrious company. When the British Parliament reformed the law that hung a man for stealing five shillings, Lord Eldon said that the bulwarks of the British Constitution were going. And when the law abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Earl St. Vincent walked out, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the same venerable tradition. An empty vision is probably a very dreadful kind of vision, but perhaps the vision of a reform in the stupidities and corruptions of the civil service is no emptier than that of the abolition of slavery, which cheered a great many souls a dozen years ago. And a project which commands the sympathy of the intelligence of the country, which is supported by men like Mr. Schenck, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. Jenckes, as well as by some eminent colleagues of Mr. Howard, and which is strongly recommended by the President for action by this Congress, if it be a vision, is, perhaps, not accurately described as empty. It is a fact well worthy the attention of Senator Howard that "empty" visions are those of men who are not especially in earnest; but when men of strong convictions and great tenacity see visions, they are visions—if the Senator will forgive a frightful mixture of metaphors—which are very likely to hold water.

Those who cling sturdily to principles in politics are very generally called visionary, while those who constantly defer to what they suppose to be the popular feeling are called practical. The favorite doctrine of the trimming school is that politics is the application of principle so far as it is expedient; that is, so far as circumstances and human nature will allow. But the difficulty with this theory is that it is a sliding scale with a fatal tendency toward the bottom. The best despot and the worst demagogue equally plead that they do all that the situation will permit. Mr. Seward said that he early learned from Jefferson that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would. The difficulty, we repeat, is that this is a downward tendency. It is, in a word, shaping your action by your estimate of men and things—a judgment which is necessarily confused and inadequate, even if it be not utterly erroneous—instead of acting upon a clearly discerned principle. A trimmer is always drifting. He is always in danger of striking upon reefs and shoals, because he steers not by the beacons upon the headlands, but by the lights in the houses upon the shore.

The vision of a civil service conducted so as to secure the utmost efficiency and economy, so far from being "empty," as the Michigan Senator supposes, is the prophetic vision which springs from confidence in the common-sense of the people. Its most conspicuous opponents in Congress thus far have been Senators Morton, Nye, Cameron, and Howard; and in the House, Generals Butler and Logan, and Messrs. Bingham and Woodward. Many of these gentlemen are noted as careful students of public opinion, and some of them have started a little hastily in directions in which public opinion did not point; but they thought it did. And the dire results of starting too soon illustrate the peril of trusting your surmise of the way that the wind is going to blow. As the vision of those who believe in the advantage and the practicability of managing the public service upon the same principles that a sound private business is conducted becomes more and more real, some people will feel the breeze, and gracefully adjust their sails accordingly. Empty visions, indeed! Does not Senator Howard remember the astounding number of "original anti-slavery men" that the war developed?

CHEAP BLARNEY.

Is Buncombe so indispensable to political success as the conduct of politicians would imply? Such a question involves another—whether technical politicians are so sagacious as is generally assumed? Certainly some of the most conspicuous public men in the country, and those who are surest of a long and honorable fame, have been denounced as very poor politicians. Yet they have risen steadily in esteem and in distinction, while crowds of "knowing" politicians are still kicking their obscure heels in the pot-house. The chief recent form of Buncombe is the propitiation of the Irish vote, as it is called; and many painstaking gentlemen have exhausted their wits in the problem of how to secure it. General Butler, who toils assiduously after the probable course of public opinion—who studies the weather-cock with a patient prayerfulness of hope which is exceedingly touching, is a statesman who might be represented as continually trying to drop the freshest salt upon the tails of the most fugacious birds. He has been prospecting for the Irish vote, and he has recently persuaded Congress to share his labors.

That the gentlemen known as the Irish exiles may have been justified in their efforts to excite rebellion against the English Government, and that their punishment was wantonly severe, may be conceded. But why the Congress of the United States should signalize their arrival here by a formal vote of welcome would not at first appear, because political refugees are constantly coming to this country from over the sea. We do not remember that Mr. John Mitchell, who escaped from British servitude only to wish that he had fat American slaves of his own, was rapturously received even by a Congress in which the fat slave-holding interest, under the name of Democracy, was in the majority: and Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher was not the subject of a national "ovation" in the form of a resolution, although he secured his own liberty and was not pardoned. Two other Irish gentlemen—Mr. O'Gorman and his friend Mr. Dillon, friends of Smith O'Brien—came quietly to America, and Congress spake never a word. But now Mr. Rossa and his companions arrive, and the Tammany agents and the United States officers run a prodigious race to see who shall first welcome them, and General Butler, shrewd student of the wind, springs a resolution upon Congress to signalize the happy event by especial congratulation.

The gentlemen themselves have undoubtedly already learned that all this ardor does not mean sympathy, but votes. The majority of the majority in Congress which passed the resolution of welcome probably had no knowledge whatever of the Irish exiles, nor of their services to their country or to liberty. They saw a cheap chance of blarney, and they blarneyed. The good sense of the exiles, with that of every intelligent American and European, will see in the whole performance a wanton sacrifice of dignity and self-respect upon the part of the Congress of the United States. As an expression of sincere feeling, it was laughable. As a bid for votes, it will unquestionably be a failure. As a national disgrace and signal feat of Buncombe, the resolution will remain.

SUFFERING FRANCE.

Charity is of no party and of all countries, and the appeal of the committee of New York citizens for the relief of the suffering in France needs no urging. But it may not be known to many who would gladly give something in succor of the unimaginable sorrow and misfortunes of the French that a committee of the most conspicuous and responsible gentlemen in this city has been formed for the purpose of receiving and forwarding every kind of subscription and relief. A day or two after the organization they sent fifty thousand francs to Mr. Washburne, our minister at Paris, and they intend to remit constantly all contributions received. Money may be sent to Charles Lanier, treasurer, 27 Pine Street, and communications in regard to provisions, grain, seed, etc., may be addressed to David Dows, chairman.

Congress has requested the President to have a national ship or ships ready at New York to convey the food that may be offered. We all know what war is, although happily in this part of the country we have been spared the desolation that lies in its withering track. But France lies stripped and paralyzed in the midst of the severest of winters. A private letter from Cannes, in the south of France, says that "it is the most rigorous winter of the generation." In the hour of her bitter sorrow let France feel the sympathizing and succoring hand of America. Boston moved simultaneously with New York; and other cities, long before these words are read, will doubtless have opened heart and hand to the victims of the terrible war.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Florida has, this winter, its usual complement of scientific visitors, who are engaged in prosecuting investigations upon its natural history. Mr. E. J. Maynard, of Massachusetts, is exploring the ornithology of the keys and the southern portion of the State; Mr. N. H. Bishop, of New Jersey, and Mr. George A. Boardman, of Maine, are at work with a similar object about Jacksonville. Professor Wyman, of Cambridge, also is making use of the opportunities of his third or fourth visit to the State in the critical examination of the ancient mounds and shell heaps which abound every where.

According to a report of a leading furrier in New York the season of 1870 was very unfavorable to high prices for furs, as the warm weather lasted so late into the winter that but little time elapsed between the beginning of cold weather and the holidays, when such purchases are usually made, so that there was but little demand for furs. The stocks remaining over, it is said, are considerable, and unusually low prices are likely to prevail for some time. The war in Europe has also had a somewhat depressing effect upon this branch of industry, as interfering with the markets, and deranging the values to a very considerable degree.

Attention was called in the Scientific Record of *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1870, to the economical value of the palmetto leaf as a fibre, and to the great demand existing for it in Europe; and we have reason to believe that quite a number of the readers of *Harper's Magazine* went into the business of collecting and shipping these leaves on the suggestion of the paragraph referred to. We learn from a recent publication of the Agricultural Department that a cargo of 50 bales was lately shipped from New Orleans to Liverpool, where the price is now about 10½ cents a pound. The entire consignment was worth $1200, of which $1000 was clear profit. It is stated that one man could gather the whole quantity in forty or fifty days.

Recent telegraphic advices from Havana announce that Captain Selfridge, who is engaged in prosecuting the Darien ship canal exploration, thinks he has discovered a practicable route over a line where the elevation of the divide is not more than three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The dispatch is dated Paya, on the Tuira River, a stream which empties into the Gulf of San Miguel, on the Pacific.

Of the many fresh-water fish characteristic of the continent of North America comparatively few, with the exception of members of the salmon and trout family, are of sufficient economical value to make it expedient to introduce them into regions where they do not naturally occur. This transfer has been made to a very disastrous extent in the case of the pike (*Esox*), which, although multiplying rapidly, is at the same time the determined foe of all other kinds of fish, and soon almost exterminates them from the waters which it inhabits. For this reason some States have passed laws prohibiting, under severe penalties, except by direct permission of the Commissioners of the Fisheries, any transfer of the species in question to new localities. There is, however, one fish that is of great value, and which can be introduced without as much doubt of the propriety of the act as exists in regard to the pike. We refer to the black bass (*Grystes salmoides*). This inhabits, in one variety or another, the basin of the great lakes, of the Mississippi Valley, and the upper waters of the streams of the South Atlantic coast as far north as the James River. Within a few years it has been transferred with success to streams previously uninhabited by it—to the Potomac, for one, where it is now extremely abundant. During the past summer some public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia collected among themselves a fund to stock the Delaware with this noble fish, and obtained about seven hundred, principally in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. These were carried alive in large tanks to the Delaware, and deposited in that stream at Easton, about two hundred of the number dying by the way. The same party of gentlemen propose to use a surplus fund in their hands in experimenting upon the restocking of the river with shad and salmon.

Dr. Packard has lately announced the discovery, by Professor Verrill, of a dipterous larva of the genus *Chironomus*, at a depth of 120 feet, in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine. He also describes a mite, or *Acarus*, as occurring at a similar depth. He has not yet ascertained whether, like other species of the genus, the latter lives, in any of its stages, in the gills of the lamellibranchiate mollusca.

A recent communication to the State Department from the United States consul at St. Helena states the fact that the white ants, which have effected a lodgment in the island, are rapidly destroying every thing upon it. No wood but teak, and sometimes not even that, escapes their fangs; and numbers of houses in Jamestown have been fairly gutted by them—doors, window-sashes, floors, and roofs, all being eaten up, leaving nothing but the bare walls.

According to late accounts Captain Foyen, to whom we have recently alluded as prosecuting the whale-fishery in the Norwegian seas by means of steamboats and torpedo harpoons, succeeded during the past summer in capturing thirty-eight fin-back whales, valued at about $40,000. As these whales are very apt to sink when killed by the explosion of the missiles, he has devised a special apparatus for buoying them up to enable him to tow them into port, where they are subjected to the mode of treatment we have heretofore described.

It is stated in some of the papers that the system of storm signal observations now in progress under the direction of the Signal Corps of the army was devised by Great Britain before it was made use of by the United States government. This is perhaps correct so far as it goes; but it is to Professor Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, that we owe the original idea of procuring dispatches regularly in relation to the weather, and tabulating them, as also of placing them on a map so as to show, day by day, the general character of the weather throughout the United States. For several years prior to the beginning of the war this system was carried on regularly, and was of great interest to visitors to the Institution. The occupation of the telegraph lines for military purposes, and the fire in the Smithsonian building, broke up the arrangement; and it was about to be resumed when the government undertook the work, thereby relieving the Institution from the necessity of its further prosecution.

An effort is now being made by Chilians to obtain aid from the Argentine government to construct a railway from Buenos Ayres to Chili by the way of the Planchon Pass.

Among the experiences of the Mount Washington winter party may be mentioned an exposure to perhaps the greatest cold ever recorded in the annals of science. The temperature of 40° below zero was not in itself unusual; but to this was added a hurricane blowing at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The combination of such a wind with the temperature indicated would probably have been entirely unsupportable but for the means of protection enjoyed by the party in the dwelling which had been fitted up expressly for their accommodation.

The returns of the Massachusetts fisheries for 1870 exhibit a remarkable feature in the small quantity of No. 1 mackerel, which usually yield the most favorable returns to the fishermen. Although the catch is much greater than last year, the quantity of No. 1 is said to be only about 66,000 barrels. The catch in 1865 was 153,000 barrels, but has since then steadily decreased annually to less than half that amount. Should this diminution continue, it will make a serious difference in the profits of mackerel fishing in the American waters. As some of our readers may not know what determines the different grades of mackerel, we may state (borrowing from Dr. Storer) that No. 1 fish must be 13 inches long from the tip of the snout to the notch of the caudal fin, and must be fat; No. 2 are fat fish, less than 13 inches in length; No. 3 comprise those which are 13 inches long, and poor; while No. 4 are under 13 inches, and poor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 6.—In the Senate, the policy of government interference with the railroads was discussed at length, without action.—In the House, the bill authorizing the stationing of a vessel at New York to take supplies contributed for the sufferers in France and Germany was passed, amended so as to authorize the stationing of others at Boston and Philadelphia for the same purpose.

February 7.—In the Senate, the repeal of the resolution authorizing the payment of the Chorpenning claim was considered at some length, and finally carried. The debate related mainly to the propriety of the Postmaster-General's course in the matter, which was not involved at all in the question of repeal.—The House passed a bill providing that claims against the government when once settled shall not be reopened after six years from the time of their origin, except in certain special cases. It also prohibits employés of the government from prosecuting claims in departments in which they have served.

February 8.—A bill was introduced in the Senate providing severe penalties for bribery at elections.—A bill was reported in the House for the sale of the navy-yards at Brooklyn and Charlestown. A discussion followed on the expediency of maintaining public navy-yards in preference to having vessels built by private contract. A substitute for the bill was offered, constituting Secretary Robeson, Admiral Porter, General Sherman, Brigadier-General Humphreys, and Captain Patterson, of the Coast Survey, a committee to inquire into the expediency of selling the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

February 9.—A bill was presented in the Senate for the better security of life on steam vessels.—In the House, a motion was made to go into Committee of the Whole for the purpose of reaching the bill for the repeal of the income tax. The vote, which is regarded as a test on the general question for repeal, was taken amidst considerable excitement, and resulted in the rejection of the motion—108 to 107.

February 10.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced increasing the salary of the minister to Berlin to the standard of the London and Paris missions.—In the House, Admiral Porter was bitterly assailed by Messrs. Banks and Butler. In the course of his remarks Mr. Banks alluded to the steamer *Tennessee*, saying he had heard within a few days of scores of naval engineers having said she was unseaworthy, and that they were unwilling to risk their lives in her. The intimidation of naval officers by the Department had kept the condition of the vessel secret. A bill providing pensions for soldiers and sailors of the wars of 1812 and the Revolution was passed.

February 11.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to facilitate commerce between the United States and Asia.—In the House, a joint resolution was introduced and referred, declaring that hereafter no Indian nation or tribe within the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with which the United States may contract by treaty; and that all contracts or agreements hereafter made by and between them, or any of them, and the United States shall be subject to the approval of Congress, not to be construed as affecting or impairing the obligations of any existing treaty.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The revenue receipts for the first six months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, shows a falling off of $3,703,818 from the amount collected during the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Among the bills recently introduced in the New York Legislature was one to authorize aliens to acquire, hold, and dispose of real and personal property in like manner with citizens.

The Kansas House of Representatives has passed a bill permitting criminals to testify in their own behalf, and husband and wife to give testimony in each other's behalf in criminal cases.

In Franklin County, Tennessee, a deputy United States marshal and a squad of soldiers, who had made an arrest and seizure for violation of the revenue laws, were on February 9 surrounded by a force of 300 armed men, the prisoners released, and the property retaken.

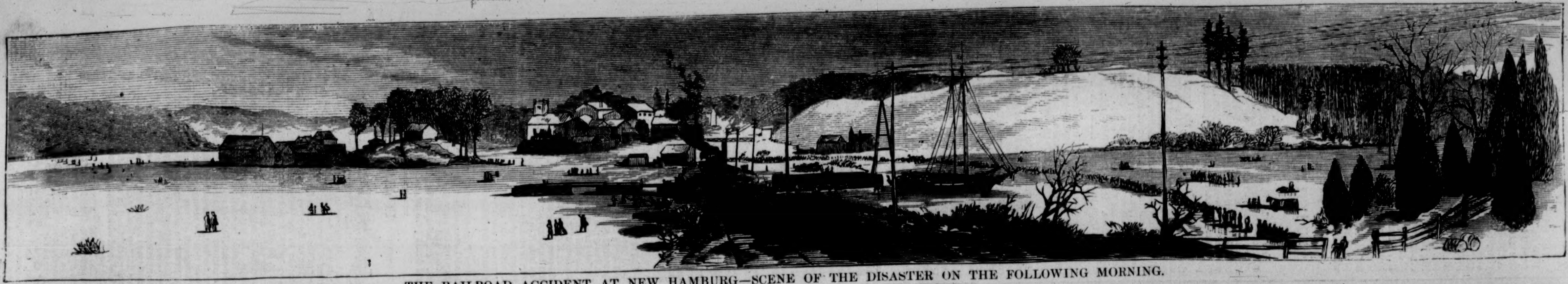
The Pennsylvania Secretary of State gives the septennial enumeration of all the counties except Fulton, showing the aggregate of taxable persons to be 856,697; of deaf and dumb persons, 607; and of blind persons, 761. Philadelphia has 158,622 taxable persons, 88 deaf and dumb persons, and 276 blind persons.

FOREIGN NEWS.

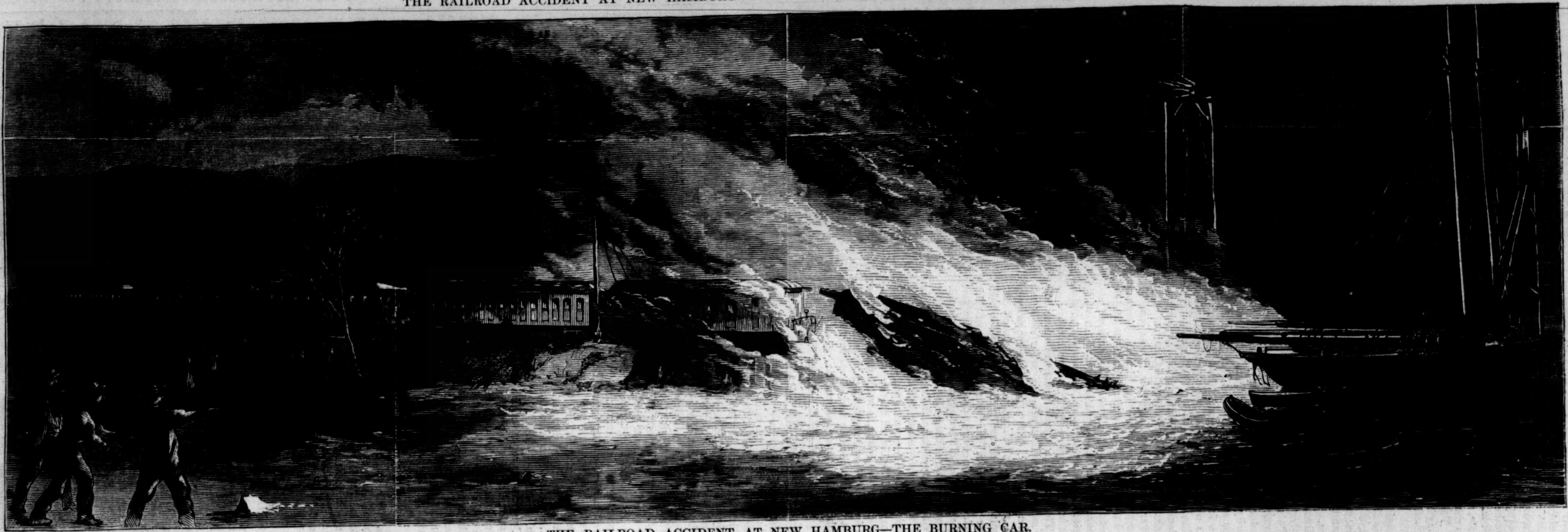
The elections in France indicate a triumph for the conservatives. Very few republican candidates have been returned. There is much speculation as to the probable course to be pursued by the Assembly; but it seems to be taken for granted that a monarchical form of government will be adopted, with some member of the Orleans family as king.

The ex-Emperor of the French has issued a proclamation to the people of France which shows a very despondent frame of mind. Since he was made prisoner, he says, he avoided any word or act that might cause party dissensions. He did not treat for peace, because it might be ascribed to personal considerations. He left the Regent to decide whether the struggle should be continued. France was unsubdued, notwithstanding her reverses, but the insurrection in Paris overthrew the thrice-sanctioned empire. Instead of protesting, he hoped for the success of the defense. Now that the struggle is suspended, and all reasonable chances of victory gone, the time is come to call the usurpers to account for bloodshed, ruin, and squandered resources. France could not be abandoned to a government having no authority from the people. For himself, he did not know or claim his repeatedly confirmed rights, but till the people assembled it was his duty to declare all acts illegitimate. There was but one government in which the national sovereignty resided, and which was able to restore industry, concord, and peace.

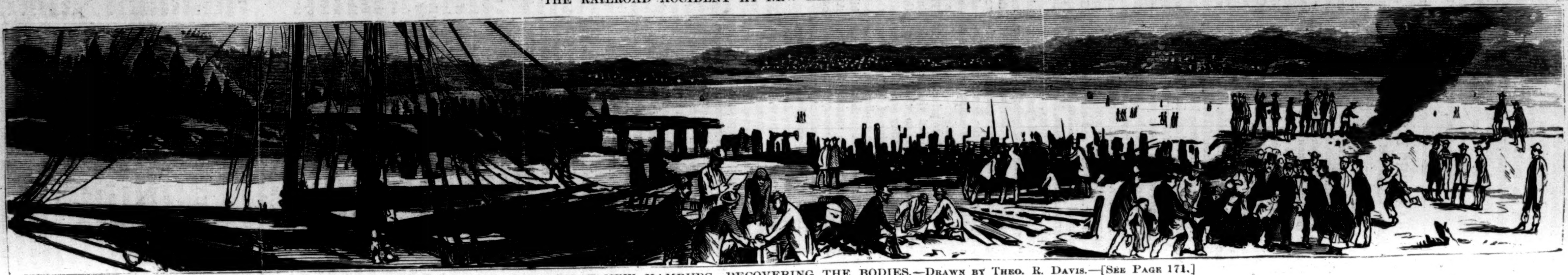
The British government has appointed a commission to proceed to Washington to confer with commissioners appointed by the President in regard to the *Alabama* claims and the fishery question. The British commissioners are, Earl De Grey, Professor Montagu Bernard, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John A. Macdonald (of Canada), Sir John Rose; secretary of the commission, Lord Tenderden. The President has appointed Messrs. Fish, Nelson, Schenck, Hoar, and Williams (Senator from Oregon) to act on the part of the United States.



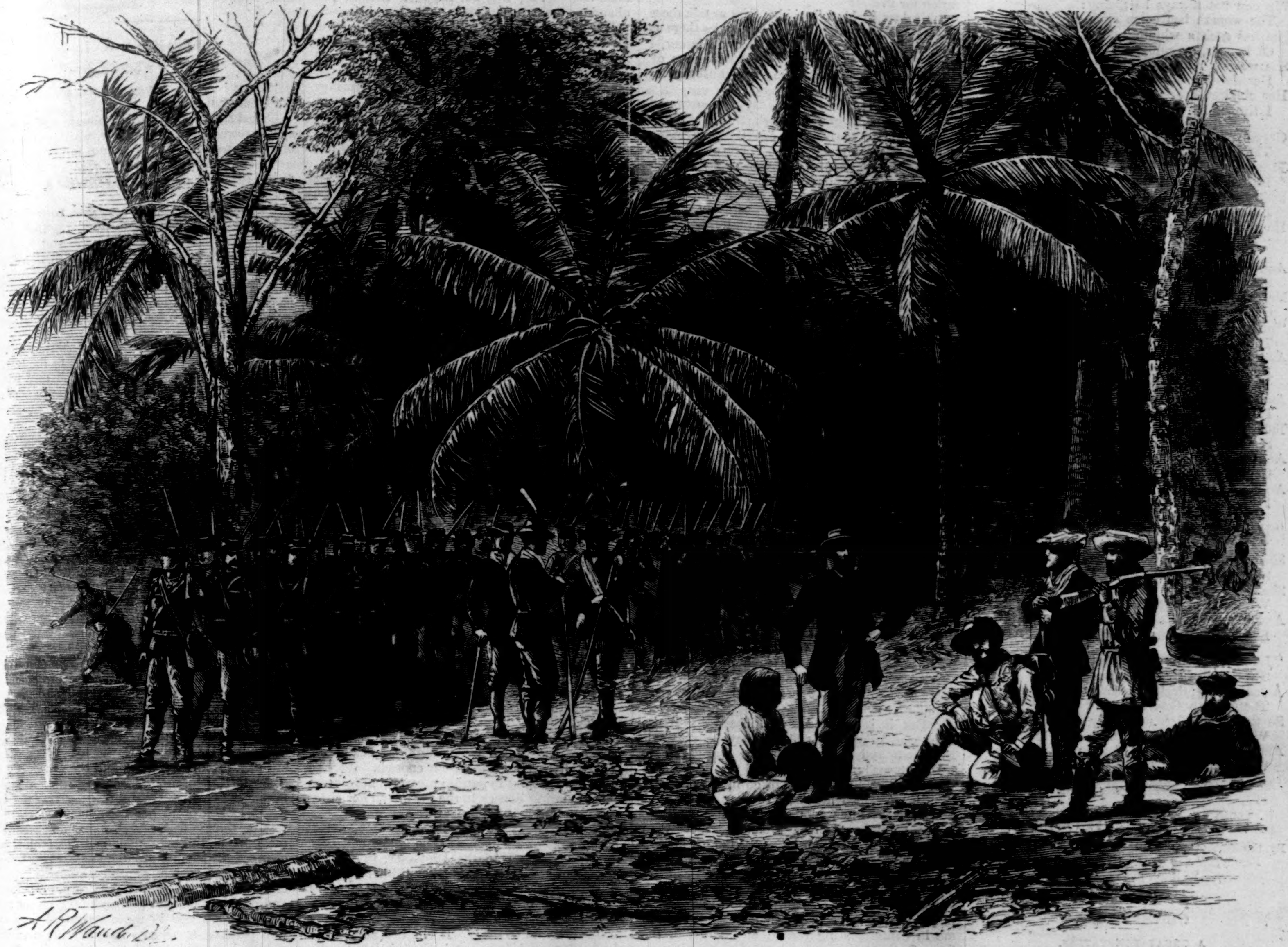
THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING.



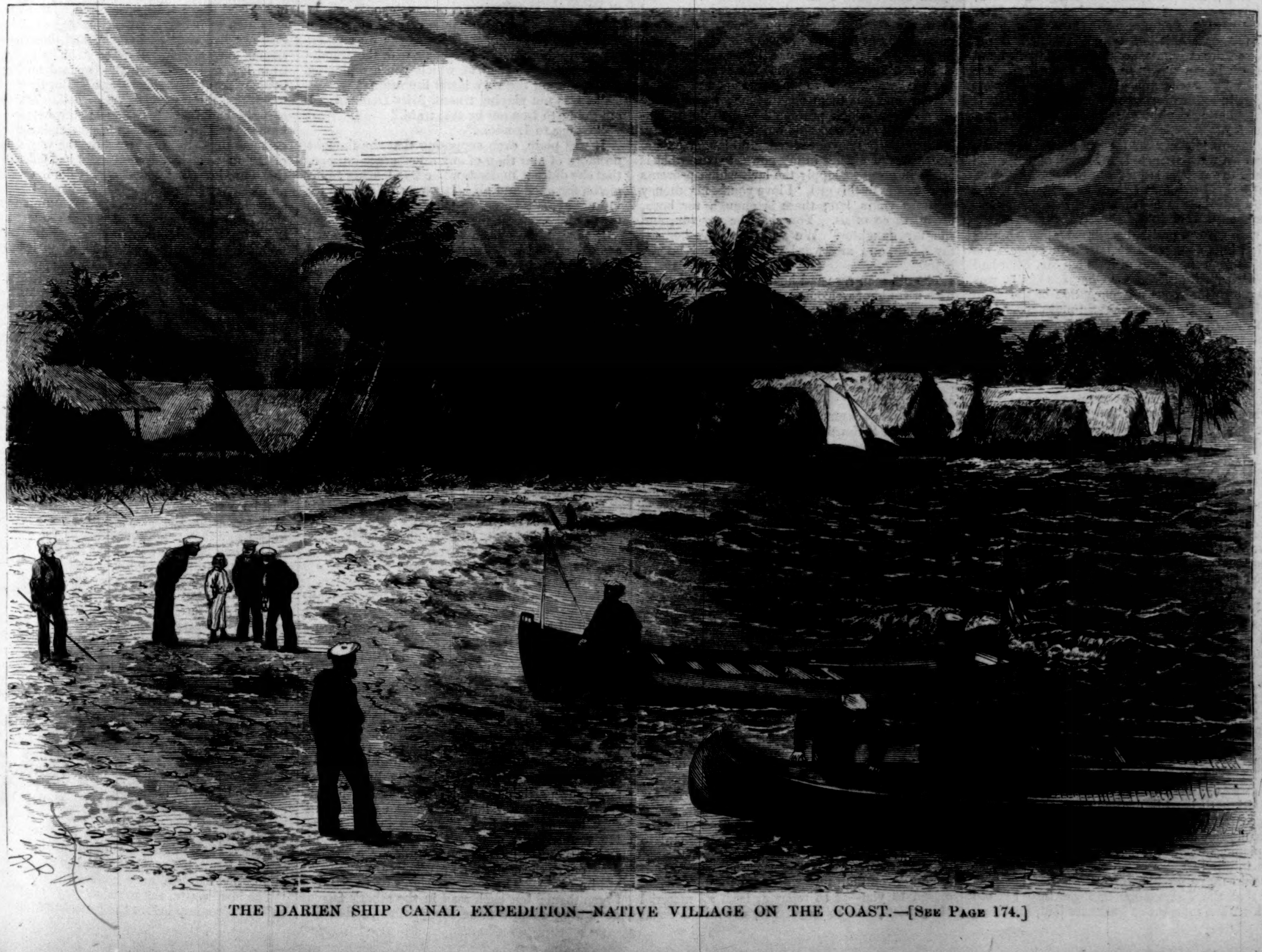
THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—THE BURNING CAR.



THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—RECOVERING THE BODIES.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 171.]



THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL EXPEDITION—THE PIONEERS PREPARING FOR THE MARCH.—[SEE PAGE 174.]



THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL EXPEDITION—NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE COAST.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

A LESSON.

WE can not always be giving:
The woman has come again;
She has such a whining story
Of hunger, or cold, or pain;
She wearies with repetitions—
Her Johnny is out of place,
Her children are sick with hunger
I tire of her listless face.

Grand Philip sat lazily reading
The crimson gas-light shook,
From a shade that was ruby-tinted,
Its red flakes over his book.
I thought that he did not notice;
But suddenly, sweet and low,
He said, with the voice of a dreamer,
"Don't let the woman go."

And then, with his smile so royal,
So sweet with pity and pain,
He called her into the study,
Out of the merciless rain.
"Sit down, my friend;" and he gave her
The best chair in the place;
And I saw a quick flush brighten
Her haggard and listless face.

And then, with his tones like music,
He sounded her frozen heart,
Till the thrill of a tender question
Sundered its ice apart;
And tears and sobs and passion
Came thick as the midnight rain;
And she told such a pitiful story
My own heart throbbed with pain.

"You see," said my Philip, softly,
"She is greater than you or I;
She has struggled and conquered where we, love,
Should maybe sink down and die;
She has fought in the dark with demons,
With evil on every side;
And Satan hath tried to strip her
Even of her woman's pride.

"Love, let us be very tender:
The lowliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasures,
That only a God can see."
So the woman left our study
With the face of an angel of light;
And she is my noblest pattern
Who came as a beggar that night.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

THE first sentence that rose to the Professor's lips was, "My good lad, you must leave this all the same; for if you are not in love with Mrs. Pennant, Mrs. Pennant is in love with *you.*" But, fortunately, it did not cross them. As he reviewed the circumstances of the affair in hand the truth began slowly to dawn upon him. He perceived that the appeal which Mrs. Pennant had made to him was upon her sister's account, and not her own, although she had made it a personal favor that he should accede to it. Her quick woman's eye had seen that Thornton's affections were attracted to Mabel, and she had wished to save the latter from the knowledge of what—since neither of the young people had a shilling of their own—must needs be a hopeless attachment. Doubtless she had spoken of the lad with earnest praise, because she had witnessed in him that honorable desire to conceal his passion from the object of it which Mr. Flint had mistaken for indifference. Chagrined as he was at his own ludicrous misconception of the state of affairs, the Professor was still more concerned with the wrong that he had unintentionally imputed to his young companion, and, above measure, touched by the humility with which he had taken his undeserved rebuke.

"Why, what on earth, my dear Thornton," said he, warmly, "did you imagine I was making all this hubbub about? What a brute you must have thought me, to take you so roundly to task for doing the most natural thing in the world!"

"I thought you were a little unreasonable, Sir," replied Richard, smiling, "though you certainly had some cause for annoyance. Penniless and nameless as I am, I ought not to have allowed any feeling of affection for Miss Denham to take possession of me. You will do me the justice, however, to admit that I was about to do my best to correct my error in fleeing from the temptation which I could not resist."

"You have behaved, my dear Thornton, most nobly and most honorably. But why should this self-sacrifice be necessary? You are very young, and may win for yourself both wealth and a name."

"These are not the days for that, Mr. Flint," answered Thornton, smiling sadly; "or if they be, I am not the man. I love Miss Denham; but I feel, even supposing that my affection was reciprocated, which I have not the smallest right to imagine, that the obstacles to such a union are insuperable."

The Professor winced in spite of himself. Here was a young man of a third of his own age exhibiting thrice his common-sense. His conscience reminded him that he had not come to the same sagacious conclusion that afternoon of the picnic, though the grounds of his doing so were infinitely more obvious. The best excuse he could make for his folly upon that occasion was that the Champagne had got into his old head. That moment of weakness had, however, long passed away, and an idea presented itself to him for making an ample and chivalrous reparation for it.

"My dear Richard," said he, "let us talk these obstacles over together before we dismiss them as insuperable. If I were Miss Denham's father, I frankly tell you that, from what I have seen of you, I should wish to find no better husband for her than yourself."

"It is most kind of you to say so," answered Thornton, with a grateful flush; "but you are not her father. He is a poor country clergyman; and it is necessary, as well as natural, that his daughter should look for a husband able to maintain her in the position to which she has been accustomed, when Mr. Denham, and his means of subsistence with him, have passed away. Mrs. Pennant has told me as much, doubtless not without a grave intention. Miss Denham herself, when rallied by a certain person for the interest she is wont to exhibit in the poor and aged, once said within my hearing, 'I shall be old myself as they one day, Sir, if I live; and if any thing were to happen to my father, I should be almost as poor.' It was not intended for my ear, but I heard it. I am not so heartless, nor so vain, as to strive to win a young girl's love for the mere sake of winning; nor so selfish," added Richard, with a spasm, "as to harm by my attentions her chance with a more fitting wooer."

"By whom, I trust, you are not hinting at Horn Winthrop?" inquired Mr. Flint, uneasily.

"May God forbid!" ejaculated Thornton.

"Amen!" said the Professor, piously. "That fellow seems to me more brute than human."

Both were silent for a moment, occupied with the same thoughts. "Whoever marries Mabel Denham," resumed the Professor, thoughtfully, "will have a good wife. She is as kind and honest as she is beautiful. It would pain me more than I can express if she fell into bad hands—cold or cruel ones, I mean."

Richard groaned, and motioned with his hand, as though he would have said, "Don't hint at that; I can not bear it."

"It would be a good deed to prevent it, Thornton; to place her out of the reach of evil fortune. What say you?"

"I say the thought is the dream of a good man."

"But it is not a dream, Richard," said the Professor, gravely, "since it may be realized. Sit down and listen." Richard looked at his watch uneasily. "Never mind the train, lad; perhaps you may not need to go by it, after all; at all events, hear me out. I am an old man, as you see, and my wants are few; if they were many, I have enough for them, and more than enough. I have neither kith nor kin for whom to hoard or spare. You saved my life, and have, at the lowest, a claim upon my gratitude; but I am a debtor to you of another sort as well. Since you have been with me I have felt a new life stirring in my veins; my own youth has come back to me in contemplating yours; an interest in the fate of others has now reawakened within me, which many lonely years had almost stifled; again and again I have wished in my heart, 'Would that this honest lad were my own son.' It was a selfish thought, no doubt. I drew a picture of an old man no longer dependent upon hireling hands for tendance, but comforted and cherished for his own sake. Your suddenly expressed resolve to leave me jarred upon my heart-strings, and put them out of tune; but now the very reason which prompted you to depart endears you to me, and bids me to press your stay. The necessity for your absence no longer exists, Richard, since it lies in my power to cure what is amiss in you—to supply the lack which prevents your saying to this girl, 'I love you.' My money shall be yours, lad; there is enough for both, for all three of us. You shall be my son, and she my daughter. We will live together till my death, and afterward you two shall be my heirs."

The old man rose and held out both his hands, with a smile of welcome. Richard took one of them in his own, and carried it to his lips. "Dear Mr. Flint," he said, with emotion, "your kindness is extreme; your offer generous beyond the reach of words to acknowledge; but I can not accept it."

"Not accept it—not make us all happy by accepting it?"

"We don't know about 'all,' Sir, to begin with," said Richard, smiling sadly.

"But you have only to ask, man," cried the Professor, pettishly. "I can't believe that any girl in her senses would prefer Horn Winthrop, or, for that matter, any body else, to a fine young fellow like yourself; and if she does, well, you shall be my son all the same. But she will not be such a fool. I'll wager my Cave Bear's bone against a heap of oyster-shells that Mabel will say 'Yes.'"

"You torture me with your good intentions, Mr. Flint," returned Richard, sadly. "I beseech you, if you have any liking for my unhappy self, do not tempt me further. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your noble offer, but I can not accept it. It is impossible for me to do so. Oh, Sir, I know how ungrateful and wantonly churlish I must appear; but if you could only read what is written in my heart—the experience of my life—you would not wonder. I have suffered from man's generosity more than others have done from his neglect or cruelty; I have been petted and pampered for a season, only to be cast off; I have been made sleek and tender, so as to feel the rubs and blows of poverty far more acutely than if I had always known them. Nothing but kindness was intended to me by the man I have in my mind, and I am grateful to him still; but he has worked me grievous wrong. The desire of my heart—deeper and more consuming even than that which I have to-day disclosed to you—is to repay at least all material obligations, and to begin life, even if it be at middle age, a free man, exempt from hateful obligation. I have not a word to say against my once benefactor; it is not his fault that he has abandoned me; a stronger will than his compelled him to do so. But from henceforth I am my own master, and none other's, no matter how hard I have to toil. I only wait until I shall have paid my debt to resume my own name in place of my creditor's. I am quite aware how different are the circumstances of your present offer. I allow that so good a heart as yours is incapable of the change which has happened in another's. The temptation which you hold out before me is almost greater than I can resist. But I do resist it. I cast it from me. I"—Richard's breath came hard and fast, and the drops of agony stood out upon his brow—"I go, Sir. God Almighty bless you and reward you, Mr. Flint! You will not be angry with me; you will write to me now and then; and—and—if there is any thing to tell me about her, you will not keep it from me."

"If you leave me thus, Richard Thornton," said the Professor, with menacing finger, "you leave Mabel Denham to another. I am as sure of that as that yonder sun will set to-night."

"Do you think I am blind?" answered Richard, bitterly. "I know it, I know it! Do not drive me mad by speaking of that, but let me go."

The next minute he had closed the door behind him, and run up stairs to his own room. His baggage packed, he carried it down stairs with his own hands; and though it wanted some half hour to the time of his train's departure, dreading to meet under that roof once more the fair young face whose smile had expelled him from it, he took a fly at once to the railway station. Having procured his ticket, he proceeded to the book-stall, wishing to furnish himself with the means to divert his thoughts upon the journey. But they were already busy within him; and it was half mechanically that he took up volume after volume, and laid them down with scarce a recollection of their titles. As the time of the train's departure drew near the throng about the stall became thicker, and in changing his position he trod upon the skirts of a lady's dress.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I—"

The apology was never finished; the words were caught midway frozen as they fell from his tongue.

Mabel Denham herself stood before him!

The cause which had brought Mabel to the book-stall was a simple one enough. Ju had been disappointed in getting a certain novel from the circulating library in the town, and her sister had clandestinely tripped up to the railway station, in hopes to get it for her there. But Thornton stared at her as though she had been an apparition. Had the Professor, in the extremity of his chagrin, sent her thither himself, to persuade his young comrade to return? or had he told her all, and was she come of her own accord to bid him good-by forever—or perchance to beseech him to stay? If she had come upon the latter errand, it is certain that his late resolve would have melted like snow.

"*You* here, Miss Denham!" said he, in a tone that he strove to render commonplace.

"Nay, I should rather say, *you* here, Mr. Thornton! We understood that you were doing deputy to-day for the Professor with the antediluvian relics; instead of which you are playing truant among the very latest literature."

"I was not playing truant, Miss Denham. I am going to London by this train."

"Going to London!"

It was plain, even supposing that she thought no more of him than of any other acquaintance, that she did not understand he was leaving Shingleton for good and all. It was usual enough for visitors at *The Grand* to take a return ticket to town, and reappear the next afternoon.

"Yes; I have been unexpectedly summoned away; so suddenly that I could not even bid you and your party good-by. Mr. Flint kindly promised to make my excuses."

He spoke quite coolly and deliberately. The crowd about them could not have guessed but that he was discussing a very ordinary topic; but he was sick at heart, and he knew that, in spite of himself, his face had grown deadly pale.

Mabel was pale too; and her hand, which had been busy with the books, now rested on the counter, as though she was in need of its support.

The porter on the platform was ringing the five minutes' bell. The sound beat upon her brain, and dazed her. She was doomed to hear it, a thousand times in the years to come, tolling the knell of a young hope that had not, alas! died altogether still-born.

"Are you going for good?" said she, simply. "Shall we not see you back again?"

"I am afraid not, Miss Denham. My little holiday is finished for this season. It has been a very happy one, thanks to you and yours."

"Now, then, take your seats for London," exclaimed the railway guard; "all for London take your seats."

"Good-by, Miss Denham," said Richard, hurriedly snatching the hand she mechanically held out, and which struck cold even through its glove. "God bless you—and yours."

Something within his throat rose up and choked his trembling voice. As for Mabel, she was tongue-tied; but the fingers which he held had unmistakably returned his earnest pressure. It was that which had unnerved him. One word from her would have altered the future destinies of both, even at that last moment; but she uttered not a syllable. He left her standing by the stall, on which her left hand was now leaning very heavily, and took his place in the train. He watched her eagerly through the window; and at the very last, as the long line of carriages drew out of the station, he saw her turn and look at him again. There was no sign of farewell between them; but each read in the other's face a despairing calm, a mute recognition to the will of ruthless Fate. They loved one another, and yet they felt that they were henceforth divided in their lives forever!

CHAPTER XVI.

"MAN PROPOSES—"

"THIS is the book you wanted, ma'am," said the book-stall keeper.

Mabel took it like one in a dream, and moved slowly toward the station door, whither a stream of people were already wending, full of talk.

"Beg your pardon, miss," said a voice close to her ear; "but you have forgotten to pay for the volume."

"How *very* stupid of me," said poor Mabel, fumbling for her purse with trembling fingers.

"Not at all, ma'am," said the stall-keeper, upon whom constant association with literature had worked its civilizing influence, and whose wits exceptional opportunities for observation of mankind had sharpened to a fine point.

"Parties often do forget who have just been seeing parties off by the train."

Mabel blushed crimson as she paid the money, and hurried away—not back again to the hotel: to meet and have to converse with any body, even with her sister, she felt was just now more than she could bear. If she could have reached her own room unobserved she would have done so gladly; but there was risk of being interrupted on the way. She took a road that led out from the town to an unfrequented path along the cliffs. Her heart lay within her like a lump of lead, and her head was heavy too; but she walked very swiftly through dusty suburban streets, new built, and but half finished; then along an open common, where the nurse-maids, leaning on the perambulators which they pretended to push, turned round to gaze at her, and to interchange with one another meaning glances (it was clear to them that she had an appointment to keep with her "young man"); then over a low stile on to the cliff path, where the sea air came fresh and cool to her fevered forehead. At her feet, but far below, was the shore, with its knots of children, its shrimpers dredging in the sand, its searchers of the rocks and weeds; and the spa, with its groups of gayly dressed folks, listening to the band, the strains from which came faintly to her ear. She hastened on, and left all this behind her. Her one desire was to be alone—to be out of sight and hearing of all the world.

At last she found a solitary spot, a grassy ravine, with a few sheep browsing on its sides, which looked up at her for a moment, more in wonder than in fear, and then recommenced their meal. The tinkle of their bells, as each slowly changed his feeding-ground, and the far-off murmur of the sea, just glinting through a narrow cleft, were all that was to be heard. The peace and quiet music of the scene helped on the tears of which she was in more sore need than ever was parched earth of summer rain; and here she sat down and shed them. She had shed tears before—what woman has not?—often; tears of childhood, dried as soon as fallen by the kisses of beloved ones; tears of later years, that sprang unbidden to her eyes when thinking of the mother she had scarcely known; and those impassioned ones which fell when "Ju" was taken from her and the home that seemed no longer home without that sister's face. But those were tears, and these were drops of gall. Ten days ago she had seemed to herself the happiest of human creatures; and now, poor simple soul, she deemed that she was sounding the very depths of human wretchedness: the sun had fallen from that blue heaven, and left all her life in darkness and eclipse forever. "Oh, Richard, Richard! why did you save me from the waves to leave me thus forlorn and desolate?" For she loved the lad with trustful heart; and somehow, though he had never told her so, or hinted at it by one look or gesture (save in that farewell pressure of her hand, which it was not in nature to withhold—how *could* he have taken it in his own, and held it there, and given it back again—the dearest thing in all the world—as though it had been a pebble or sea-shell?)—somehow she knew that Richard returned that love. If she had listened to all his talk with Mr. Flint she could not have more accurately guessed how matters stood with him: that he was poor and proud, and had been hardly used; and that he had left her for the same reason that he had held his peace, and avoided her society to spare them both unfruitful sorrow, since neither pain nor patience could avail them. Mere sympathy and intuition had told her much of this, and the rest had been supplemented for her by her sister and Mrs. Marshall, though they little guessed what knowledge they were imparting. Even Ju's loving eye had failed to discern the impression which Thornton had made on her sister's heart, though (as we have seen) she had perceived that he himself was smitten by her darling's charms; and as for Mrs. Marshall, she could not imagine that any girl, however young, could "think seriously" of a nameless, fortuneless lad like Thornton, when Winthrop of Wapshot and Son were so evidently regarding her with favor. But both ladies had spoken of Richard's modesty and right feeling in terms which had early opened Mabel's eyes to the true state of the case, and, to say truth, had prevented her from fretting, as she had done at first, at the young fellow's supposed indifference to her; and now it would have been better far for her to have continued in that mistake, and to have fretted on.

She saw herself back again at the rectory, laden with a secret that she dared not disclose, the only being in whom she could have reposed it hundreds of miles away in unknown China. She drew a picture in her mind, colorless and sombre, of the life that she must henceforth lead there. "The level waste, the rounded gray" of country existence rose up before her from fore-ground to horizon, without one attractive feature; the dull dinner-parties to which she would now accompany her father, and afterward entertain the company with a little music; the stately patronage—paid chiefly in the coin of croquet and afternoon tea—which she would receive at "the Hall," for the squire of Swallowdip was a great magnate, and his wife "my Lady" in her own right; the tattle and small-talk in which, even of yore, it had been difficult to affect an interest, and which would now (she felt) be insupportable. Lastly, there were her home duties; the attention to her father's needs, which, indeed, were few enough (he was a bluff, healthy man, who had rarely known sickness, and of a nature disinclined to sentimental "fal-lal" of all kinds; he liked his pipe, and to be let alone); the visiting and tendance of the poor; the teaching in the girls' school; the practicing in the village choir. In these duties, in the more energetic performance of them, she would endeavor to forget—no, that was impossible—but to mitigate the past. Time would heal, perhaps, even this deep and gaping wound, and loving Duty would be its best ally. It might be so; but in the mean time this foreshadowing of her future was so dark and depressing that, like a sick man whose malady has long to run, she turned from the contemplation of its course to the sharp, present pain as almost a relief. She reviewed all that had taken place within those last few days, the incidents of which so outweighed all others within her smooth experience that they seemed to comprise her life. Father and sister and home were on one side of an imaginary equator, and on the other was her lover. She called up every circumstance connected with her brief acquaintance with him, and lingered over them as a child might do over the contents of her little jewel-drawer—worthless in all others' eyes, but beyond all price in hers. The glance with which he had looked up at her from his book, when they asked him the way to Anemone Bay, and the simple bow with which he had greeted her. Once more she watched him toiling over the sandy hill with the coble, and straining every nerve to be beforehand with the greedy waves; she felt again the warm clasp of his hand, as he assisted her into that little ark of safety; she heard his accents of contempt, as he addressed the morose Horn, and marked the obedience with which he had returned for him at her lightest word. She thought, with a flush of shame and indignation, that it might have been because he had misunderstood her relations with Mr. Horn Winthrop that he had rowed away without even waiting for her word of thanks; as it certainly was for that reason that he had forborne (as Mrs. Marshall had openly hinted) to pay her any court while at the hotel. He would not intrude his attention, when it was obvious that others, or at least one other, infinitely more favored by the gifts of fortune, were endeavoring to win her hand. An hour ago she would have shrunk from taking such a view of the advances of Mr. Winthrop or his son, but in this supreme moment all things appeared to her in their true light. The refinements of convention were swept away. Alas! how falsely had he sung who said, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!" How infinitely happier would it have been for her had she never come to Shingleton to meet him whom she would never cease to mourn! The one thing that she yearned for now was to go home—not that home was dear to her as it had been, but because it would have nothing to remind her of Richard. *Here*, all was eloquent of a vanished joy; the very wind seemed laden with it, as it sighed on her wet cheeks, and the sorrowful monotone of the sea was, "Richard, Richard!" She would get away from Shingleton at once, and at all events. How she was to effect this, what excuse she was to make for such an abrupt departure, was by no means clear to her; her father was expected on the ensuing Monday, and on the Thursday following, when the Pennants departed for Hong-Kong, she was to return with him to the rectory. Such were the present arrangements, which certainly seemed reasonable enough, and with which she would scarcely be permitted to interfere without good cause. True, she had only to make a *confidante* of Ju, and her sister would doubtless make all smooth for her; but had she a right to tell Ju, which, moreover, would involve her husband's being also told? Was not this secret of hers Richard's also? and, since he had only disclosed it to herself by accident—if he could have been said to have disclosed it at all—was it likely that he wished others to know of it? This made her pause in her resolve to quit the place. She would still be loyal to Richard, if she could be nothing else; and terrible as it would be to remain at Shingleton—for other reasons besides that he had been there, and was now to be there no longer—she was ready to endure it for his sake. Having come to this conclusion, she was about to rise and return to the hotel, when she heard footsteps behind her. Fearing that some traces of her late emotion might still be visible in her face, she waited until the new-comer should pass. The footsteps came nearer and nearer—then stopped. The man—for they were man's steps—was probably contemplating the landscape, which, at that spot, offered peculiar attractions.

"My dear Miss Denham, is it possible that I find you here?"

Mabel started to her feet, and met Mr. Winthrop the elder face to face. She was too angry to be embarrassed or distressed. The intrusion, so unwelcome and inopportune, appeared for the moment to her excited fancy to be intentional.

"I am afraid my coming upon you thus suddenly, Miss Denham," said he, with great respect, "has alarmed you?"

"I am not at all alarmed," returned she, coldly; "but, of course, I did not expect to see you here."

"Nor I to see you. I am equally astonished with yourself, though, doubtless (as is only natural), better pleased. You do not intend, it seems, to honor the table d'hôte with your presence to-day."

"We dine in our own room, I believe."

"I am sorry for it—especially sorry to-day—for a reason with which perhaps you are not unacquainted." Mabel was gazing abstractedly at the little strip of blue sea that showed itself through the gorge, and did not perceive the searching and suspicious glance with which these words were accompanied.

"I know no reason," said she, in quiet scorn, "why to-day, more or less than any other day, our absence from the table d'hôte should be regretted."

"You seem piqued, Miss Denham. I am afraid that the departure of a certain young gentleman from *The Grand* to-day may—"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Winthrop." She turned upon him with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks. "To whom do you refer, Sir? Or rather by what right do you venture to make such an observation?"

"Well, really, one has rights, I suppose, as a parent—since one has certainly wrongs enough. I was referring, of course, to the departure of my son Horn."

"Is Mr. Horn Winthrop gone, then?" Her astonishment at this information was unmistakable, nor could she omit from her tone some indication of relief. "There is nothing wrong, I hope," added she, apologetically; "no bad news, I mean, which has necessitated his departure?"

"No, no," said Mr. Winthrop, gayly, his countenance, so far from displaying annoyance, evincing the utmost satisfaction; "and if there were, Horn could bear it with great equanimity. He is a philosopher in his own way, and in return demands occasionally philosophy in others. You must not judge him harshly, however; he has been a spoiled child all his life, but his faults are on the surface. They are certainly *there*, you would say, Miss Denham. Well, well, I can not deny it."

"Indeed, Mr. Winthrop, I was about to say nothing of the kind."

"Then it was very good of you. Let me flatter myself that your forbearance was on my account. I am not blind, believe me, to my son's deficiencies and excrescences. He wants planing. He wants a number of remedies which I have never had the patience to apply; and now the poor fellow, so far as tone and manner are concerned, is past mending. He goes on his way, and I on mine. The world will be charitable to him, because he will be very rich; and, in the mean time, I have made him quite independent of me. I do not see him twice a year; and, to tell you the truth, he would not break his heart if we met even less often. He is not demonstrative in his affections; whereas I myself—" Here Mr. Winthrop sighed heavily. "Alas! I have been deprived by Providence of her who could reciprocate my love."

Mabel knew what was coming now. Her heart beat violently within her; there was a sound in her ears as though the waveless sea had risen in storm. It was as vain for her to attempt to escape as for the dove to flutter which finds itself already in the hands of its captor; yet she made shift to murmur that the hour was late, and she must return to the hotel.

"Permit me, my dear Miss Mabel, to be your escort."

She rested her finger-tips upon the arm she could not decline, and they turned slowly homeward.

"I was about to confide to you," continued Mr. Winthrop, in low, broken tones, "some sorrows of my own, with which I have, after all, no right to trouble you. I will pass them by, and speak at once upon a brighter topic—their possible solace. Miss Denham, you see before you a man whom the world would tell you is to be envied. The heyday of youth has indeed gone by with me, and yet, I hope, not youth itself. Even in years I am still a young man, and my heart is as young as ever; more tender, perhaps, than others which have not beat so long, since it has known what it is to suffer. You, my dear young lady, have happily been spared the knowledge of what it is to love and to lose; but I read in your eyes that you pity me."

"Indeed, Sir, I am very sorry for you," said Mabel, simply. She would have used the same tone and form of words if he had complained of headache.

"You are most kind," said Mr. Winthrop, softly; "and yet you can be kinder still, if you will; there is something which a man like me, forlorn and desolate and friendless, yearns for even more than pity. Would you find it impossible, dear girl, to love me—to be my wife?" He stopped, and looked fixedly at her; she raised her eyes, and met his glance with a courage for which she had not given herself credit. Her voice was very distinct as she replied: "Indeed, Mr. Winthrop, it would be quite impossible. I am sensible of the honor you do me. I am aware that many girls, much more worthy"—he smiled sadly, and waved his disengaged hand in deprecation; but she went on—"much better, wiser, abler than myself in every way, would gladly accept your offer. But I can not do so."

"That is enough, my dear Miss Denham," answered Mr. Winthrop, gravely. "Do not fear that I shall distress you by pressing a hopeless suit. At the same time I honestly tell you that I am not utterly disheartened—man proposes, and God disposes, in all cases save one, where man proposes, and woman rejects. The matter is not, then, so definitely settled, and I do not feel that Providence is finally against me in this matter."

"But indeed you may, Sir," said Mabel, firmly, and perhaps somewhat piqued by the light manner beneath which the other strove to conceal a bitter chagrin. "It is better to face the truth at once."

"Yes; but that is not so easy for poor me as for you, Miss Mabel," returned Mr. Winthrop, forcing a smile; "yet for the present let it be so. You will forget my words and me, of course. Be it so. On the other hand, I shall never, never forget you. Some day, perhaps"—here he spoke with great impressiveness and quiet—"there may be a chance of proving my devotion, if not to you, at least to your interests. If I can do so, if by any means within my power I can do you service or pleasure, I pray you remember that I am actuated by friendship only (for that, I trust, you will permit me to entertain for you); I shall demand no guerdon beyond the gratification of assisting you. It will be a very great gratification; and yet that you may never need such aid will be my constant prayer." He lifted her fingers to his lips, then replaced them on his arm, like one who, at a holy rite, handles some sacred vessel.

"Your generosity, Mr. Winthrop, touches me deeply," said Mabel, in trembling accents. "I did not expect—that is, I had no right—"

"Ah, you thought me a heartless, selfish, vain old fellow," broke in Mr. Winthrop, with an attempt at gayety. "Well, well, you have learned to think better of me; that is something. Still, I have a little vanity, and I should not like it known, I may confess to you, that I have—that you have declined—" Here Mr. Winthrop's ready tongue failed him in this delicate extremity.

"Your secret is quite safe with me, Sir," said Mabel, earnestly.

They were once more on the common among the nurse-maids, who exchanged with one another glances even more significant than before. Their intuitive perception that Mabel had gone to meet her young man was proved accurate, since here he was arm in arm with her. Their looks, which she had not noticed on the previous occasion, now seriously annoyed her; whereas Mr. Winthrop was rather gratified with this mark of attention than otherwise. They had a habit, however, of bursting into open laughter immediately after the pair had passed, which was objectionable, since he could not but reflect that the sense of humor is sometimes tickled by the idea of disparity of age.

When they reached the suburbs Mr. Winthrop halted. "Dear Miss Denham," said he, respectfully, "I am about to make a remark, which, although rude, you must allow is at least an unselfish one: would you not prefer to return to the hotel alone—I mean, not in my company?"

"Thank you, yes," said Mabel, eagerly, to whom this idea had already presented itself; "that would be much better." Her fingers dropped from his arm; she felt that she ought to shake hands with him, were it but in sign of this final parting; but she thought of the last clasp which that hand of hers had felt and returned, and hesitated to offer it. Mr. Winthrop, as though divining her objection, took off his hat.

"Good-by, Sir," said Mabel, not without a touch of kind feeling, such as every true woman feels in dismissing forever the man who has offered himself to her in honor.

"Au revoir," said he, with a grateful look; then turned down a by-path that led to the sea-shore.

As Mabel hurried homeward, she regretted that he had used that phrase, "au revoir." Still, he was that sort of man who habitually interlards French phrases with his speech, and might have meant nothing by it. He could not surely mean that after what had passed he would continue to meet her as before! Such a course of conduct would be most embarrassing—nay, unbearable.

Here was the hotel at last. What experiences had she undergone since she had looked upon it, scarce two hours ago!

The affable manager was in the hall as she passed through it. "Your sister," said he, with the bow on which he justly prided himself, "has been inquiring for you, madam, with some anxiety."

"Indeed!" said she. "I have been for a walk along the cliff path; that is all."

"Nay, madam, I do not mean that she was anxious upon your account—nobody ever comes to harm at Shingleton, I hope; but a letter has come for you by the afternoon post, which I noticed was marked 'immediate.'"

The events of that eventful day, it seemed, were not yet ended.

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

DURING the latter weeks of the siege of Paris it was found advisable to order the killing of the wild beasts and birds in the zoological collections both at the Jardin des Plantes and at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, as well to save the fodder, corn, hay, and horse-flesh which they had been accustomed to consume, as to make the flesh of such animals as the human appetite can stomach available for the public need. While six or seven hundred horses were daily slaughtered for food, their flesh being sold at a franc and a half the half-kilogramme, or pound—while dogs' flesh was worth two francs the pound, and cats and rats were alike the food of Frenchmen—it was not to be doubted that dainty pickings would be found in the Parisian "Zoo." The deer, the antelopes, the kangaroos, the bears, and even some portions of the largest graminivorous beasts, such as the elephant and rhinoceros, would afford tolerable meat. They were quickly put to death by shooting, and their carcasses were sold to the leading restaurateurs in the city. The London *Times* correspondent describes a dinner to which he was invited, where one of the dishes was a few slices of elephant's trunk, often described by African hunters as a very choice morsel, "the flesh very tender, and not badly flavored." We give an illustration on page 173 of the slaughtering of this grand creature.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE destruction of those beautiful groves in the Bois de Boulogne and other public pleasure-grounds, which have been cut down either to clear the space, for military reasons, in front of the ramparts, or to provide fuel for the distressed townsfolk, has already been mentioned in our columns. We give on page 173 an illustration of the scenes of havoc and devastation now to be found in what till recently was the most delightful promenade belonging to any city in Europe. The Bois de Boulogne can not, for many years to come, even though wealth and fashion return to Paris, be restored to its former condition. Its extent is above 2000 acres; nearly half was a wood, the whole place having been a wild forest till 1852; a quarter of it was laid out in grass, one-eighth in roads, and seventy acres covered with water for the lakes, streams, and cascades. It was constructed by the government of NAPOLEON III. in concert with the municipality of Paris.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was, many years ago, a Lazy Men's Society. One of the articles required that no man belonging to the society should ever be in a hurry. Now it happened on a time that the village doctor was driving post-haste through the street to visit a patient. The members of the society saw him, and on his return reminded him of his fast riding, and violation of the rules. "Not at all," said the doctor; "the truth is, my horse was determined to go, and I felt too lazy to stop him." They did not catch him that time.

The following rhythmical "dunning letter" was received by a firm on Broad Street, from Bristol, Rhode Island:

"If consistent to thy will,
Please send to me the amount of bill;
For without money I do not know
How to pay others what I owe.
You said to me, at any time
I was in want, 'Just drop a line;'
So now I take the present occasion
To write to you the information.
On the next page you there will see
The amount of money due to me;
If you attend to my case so clear,
I will wish you a Happy New-Year."

A little boy in a Brooklyn Sunday-school was asked lately to say which was the most beautiful verse in the Bible. After some hesitation he replied, blushingly, "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

A Chicago girl, who has lost her left leg, advertises for a husband who has no right one; as thus they can buy their shoes together and have nothing over.

The young lady at Allemagoozelum who was up with the lark is now down with the rheumatism.

Many of our city tradesmen having signs in their windows, "Selling at less than cost," and others of a similar nature, one more enterprising trader has outdone them by the following: "Selling at cost—and more too."

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

A recently married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question: "As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added also that it usually follows *a-vowal*.

Of what trade are bees?—They are comb-makers.

"Why don't you take your seat within the bar?" asked a lawyer of his client the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

A new-made justice of the peace having occasion to marry a couple as his first official act, and there being quite an assemblage present, he determined to strike them dumb with awe, and so, in winding up, he said, "I pronounce you man and wife; and may God have mercy on your souls!"

A man we have heard of is so short that when he is ill he don't know whether he has headache or corns.

A gentleman of a decided Teutonic cast of countenance, having knocked for a long time in vain at the town-clerk's office door at Middletown, Connecticut, anxiously inquired of a by-stander what was the matter. He was politely informed that the office was closed, but, if any thing important was wanted, the house of the clerk might be found. "Oh," said Teuton, "it is nothing; I only wanted to get married."

THE BEST CHURCH SERVICE—Matrimony.

A kind lady who sent up a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.

This is a good time to collect autographs—of your creditors.

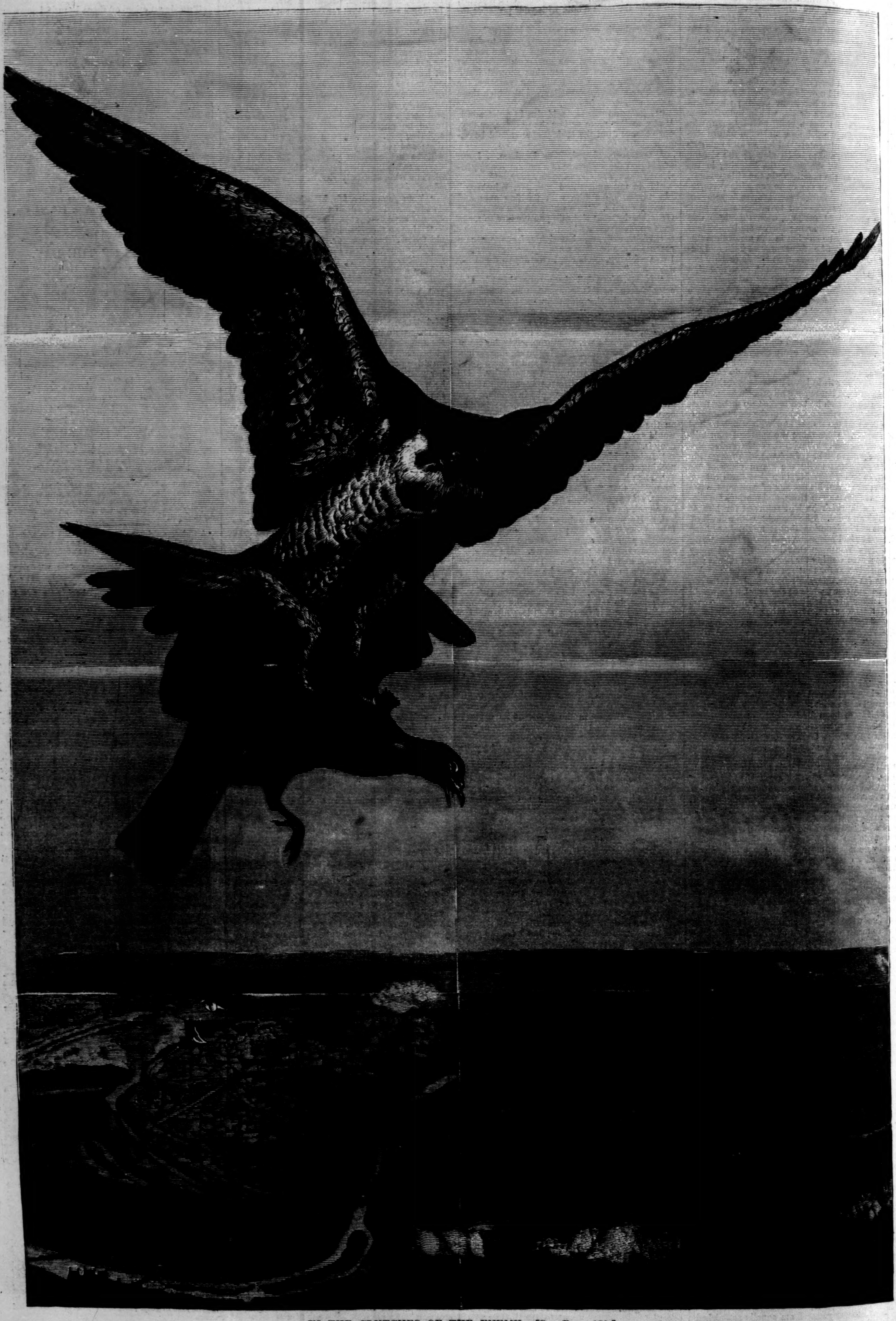
A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." There are a good many "tight uns" among them still.

A Chicago saloon is called "Lamb's Rest." Folks look sheepish when they come out.

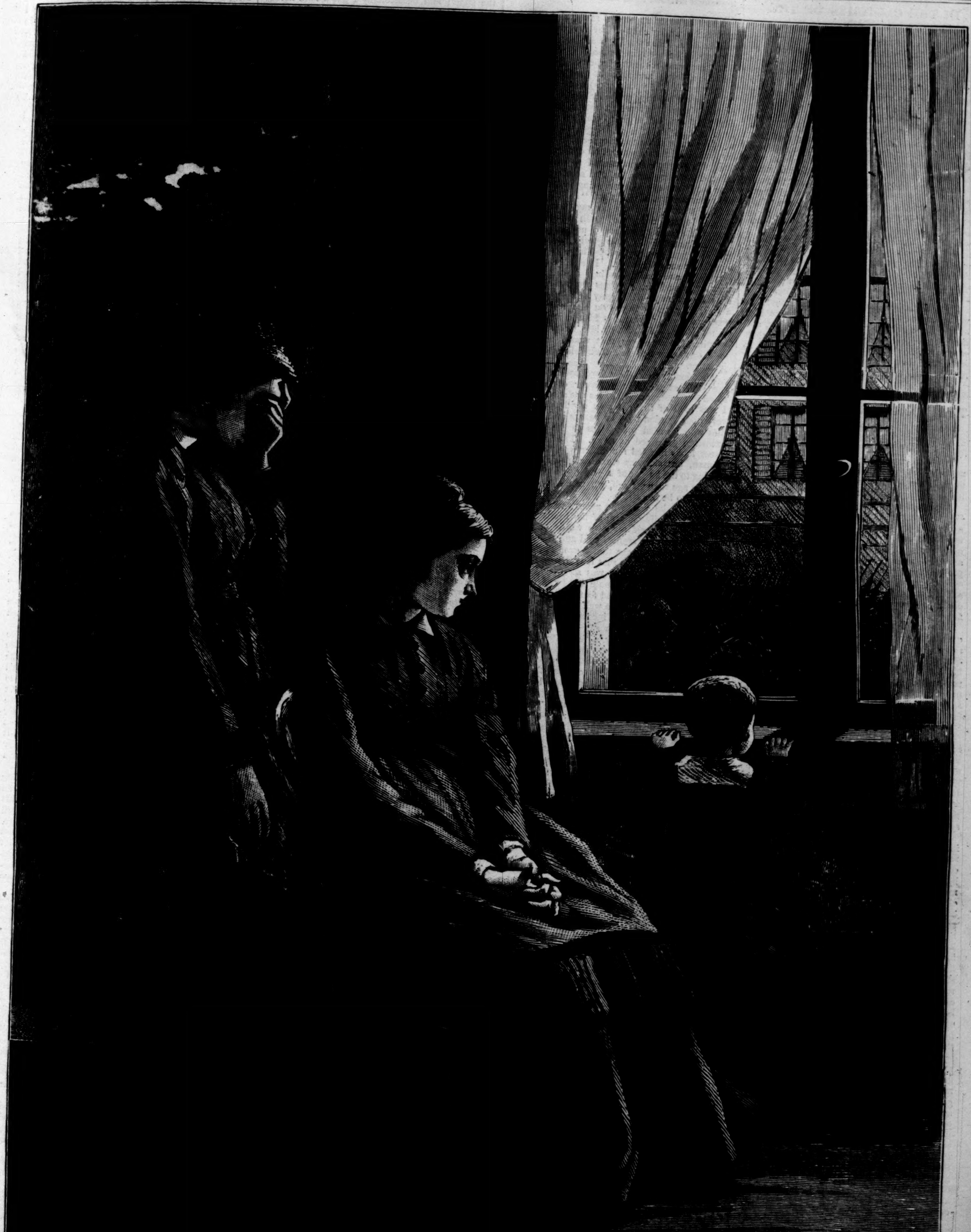
MODERN HEATHENISM—Worshiping idols (idles) in crinoline.

A diminutive piece of masculine conceit was nicely put down the other evening. He was detailing to a lady how one of our most noted belles had taken his arm on the Avenue on Sunday evening. "I don't know what people would have thought, I'm sure," he said, with the air of a lady-killer. "Oh, don't alarm yourself, Mr. ——," was the reply. "They probably took you for her little boy."

On one occasion a young and zealous lawyer, not over-punctilious in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a question before a judge, and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to suppose a case. "We will suppose, your Honor," said he, "that your Honor were to steal a horse—" "No, no, no," interrupted the judge. "Not at all, not at all. 'Tain't a supposable case, Mr. S——; 'tain't a supposable case." "Very well, begging your Honor's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence; "very well. Then supposing that I should steal a horse—" "Ah, yes, yes, yes," said the judge; "that is a very different thing. Very likely, Mr. S——, very likely. Proceed, Mr. S——." Mr. S—— proceeded to take a seat, amidst the shouts of his brethren; and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and repeat it often to his friends.



IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE ENEMY.—[SEE PAGE 170.]



BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF PARIS—"ANOTHER SORTIE."

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE ENEMY.

The shifts and contrivances to which the beleaguered Parisians, shut out altogether from the world, were reduced, partook so much of the primitive stratagems resorted to in former days that we might almost think, if we did not know that history was writing itself so sadly hour by hour, that this nineteenth century of progress was a dream, and that railways, telegraphs, Atlantic cables, and Mont Cenis tunnels were not wonderful realities of the present generation. The man who, this time last year, might have hinted that the people of Paris would be escaping in balloons from the city, which German hosts were so inexorably investing, or that messages would be sent by pigeon-post, would have been reckoned a fit person to be at once taken care of by his friends. Yet, day by day, these aerial messengers, the courier or carrier pigeons, with their burden of minutely photographed missives—bearing, fastened to their feet or the middle feather of their tails, dispatches on which the fate of the city of the world hung—winged their momentous journeys to and from unhappy Paris.

Their Prussian foes met this manœuvre as well as they could, as illustrated on page 168, by training hawks to run down the pigeons, and thus intercept the communications; but their success was only partial, and it may safely be considered that the majority of the "couriers" reached their destination safely.

THE LOOK ACROSS THE CROWD.

A Love-Story.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

It is ten years since it flashed upon me, but my recollection of it is so vivid that I can photograph the scenes and the actors as clearly as if it were only yesterday.

It was the first week of my residence in Gleyne, where I had gone to take possession of a medical practice that had been left to me by my uncle and god-father, Mr. Lynton. I was a very young man to step into such a good thing as this Gleyne practice: so all my friends impressed upon me. And I was ready to acquiesce in the truth of their remarks, and to sun myself in the summer of prosperity which had suddenly burst upon me with a light and grateful heart.

In addition to the practice, my uncle had bequeathed to me his handsome, substantial, roomy, well-furnished house, in Gleyne High Street. Three old maiden sisters had lived with him, and died with him, leaving him all their possessions; and these filled every nook and corner of the big house—filled it so comfortably that I, the owner of the house, was looked upon as a man who was "well to do," in the village idiom; "an eligible," in fashionable slang.

I had been in Gleyne a week, as I have already stated, and during that week I had been on several rounds, and had made the acquaintance of several of my patients of the better class, as well as some hundreds of my poorer brethren. In short, I had thrown myself into my work with all my heart and soul, and, judging from the start, my career in Gleyne promised to be a successful one.

I arrived in Gleyne while a sharp electioneering tussle was going on between a lately ousted radical member and his opponent, a "liberal conservative." It was an exciting time for the little borough town, and the little borough town made the most of it. On the strength of the election a committee was formed to organize a bazar, a ball, a garden fête and concert, and a public dinner. I was told wherever I went, and by whomsoever I was met, that I was supremely lucky to have come into the place at this most festive time. Naturally, as a rising young practitioner, I put my name down as a subscriber to all of the gayety that was going on. I was called upon to be one of the stewards of the ball and dinner, and flowers from my green-house were begged, to contribute to the splendor of the flower fête. Altogether, I was well in for it, and being young and full of life, I greatly rejoiced thereat.

The bazar inaugurated the festivities. I reached Gleyne early in May; consequently the garden, on which my predecessor had expended much care and money, was in its early summer glory. There was a wealth of pale buff roses, and lilies of the valley, and luscious magnolias out in full bloom; and the young ladies of Gleyne formed themselves into a deputation, and came to levy a tax on my flower-beds at all hours of the day on the eve of the bazar; for one of the features of the bazar was to be a bouquet and button-hole-sprig stall, and two of the belles of Gleyne were to keep it, and by their wiles and beauty win much coin of the realm to the cause in which the bazar was held.

I wanted to make my way in the place, both socially and professionally; and so on the morning of the bazar I filled my pockets with as much cash as I could afford to waste, and went down to the gayly decked tent in which the fair despoilers held their court.

It was a sufficiently gay scene—a surprisingly gay one for a country revel—for all the county was there; and Gleyne itself was rich in inhabitants of the upper middle-class order—whose daughters were all more or less well and fashionably dressed. But though they were well and fashionably dressed, the country breeding and the rural air were stamped upon them; and so I, fresh from London, where I had been free to gaze upon the courtly beauties daily and nightly on view in Rotten Row and at the Opera, felt myself justified in withholding from them that meed of admiration which their fellow-townsmen lavished upon them to an extravagant degree.

I had disbursed at several stalls, and been introduced to and "chaffed" by a variety of fair stall-holders. The word "chaff" is not a pleasing one to be used in connection with ladies, but it expresses what the ladies of Gleyne said they were doing, and thought they were doing. They were all (the young ones) more or less volatile, after what they probably believed was the custom of more aristocratic amateur shop-women. And they were all eager to impress themselves upon the notice of a marriageable man, after what we know to be the manner of the common herd of girls in all ages and all climes.

Looking round from a stall at which I had loitered for some minutes, and sending my gaze over the heads of the intervening masses of possible purchasers, I met that "look across the crowd" which has lived in my memory ever since. It was a look of such quiet, perfect, thorough sympathy with and understanding of the weariness which I have good reason to know was apparent in my face. There was nothing cynical or sneering in it. It simply expressed sympathy and understanding. And the eyes that expressed these things were the sweetest eyes I ever saw—dark gray velvety eyes, with a soft, long, curly fringe on either lid—lovely, gentle, womanly eyes, that I knew in a moment would never be dimmed by idle, or discontented, or spiteful tears—eyes that would never flash fury, or narrow between their lids with needless jealousy.

That look across the crowd took me over to the stall at which the owner of these eyes stood in a moment. She was not a saleswoman. I was glad of that; for in my heart I had a very poor opinion both of bazars and of the ladies who lowered themselves to the system of extortion practiced at them. The lady whose sweet looks had led me hither was not a saleswoman, but she was standing inside the stall, talking to the keeper of it—a lady of rather more mature age than herself, whom I afterward discovered to be her sister.

Can I make you, who never saw her, understand the winning charm of her beauty? I fear not; for to myself my own words of warmest praise of her ever seemed cold and tame. There was the gentlest grace that I ever saw in a woman; and this it was that lent the subtlest spell to her loveliness. She was so gracious to all things animate or inanimate that I believe a mad dog would have refrained from biting her. My darling! I loved you so well that first moment of seeing you that it is incomprehensible how I ever came to love you more.

I stood near her for a few moments—long enough to hear her speak in her glad, sweet, good, girlish tones. And then I went off eagerly in search of the accommodating friend who had been introducing me right and left to the other girls of Gleyne. He knew in an instant by my description whom I meant. "Oh! ah! that's Miss Belmore," he said; "but I don't know about introducing you. Her sister mounts guard over her to a most awful extent."

"Bother her sister!" I said, impatiently. "Is that her sister she's with? Take the opportunity of introducing me to Miss Belmore when her sister is thrusting a pin-cushion, or some trifle of the kind, upon some unlucky fellow. I must know that lady. Come!"

My manner was so peremptory, I was so filled with my earnest desire to know her, that I carried my friend away against his own conviction that it would be better not to beard Mrs. Kellogg in her den."

"I tell you," he grumbled, "that it's no use; you'll never advance the intimacy a step, however hard you try. Mrs. Kellogg was a beauty, too; but she made a mess of it; and she's determined to keep a sharp look-out on her sister. They say she has her bright eyes on our new member, Sir Laurence Divett, for a brother-in-law."

"Never mind; introduce me," I urged; and in a few minutes it came about that I was introduced, and Lily Belmore was speaking to me.

"You looked so tired just now, I couldn't help pitying you," she said. And I answered,

"I saw that you pitied me, Miss Belmore."

"And I was tired, too," she said, honestly. "My sister is so good, she likes these things; but I dislike making, or buying, or selling for them."

"I wish you would dislike chattering and interrupting the business of them," Mrs. Kellogg said, not over-good-temperedly, I thought.—"Mr. Lynton, *may* I trouble you to move on. I see some possible purchasers hovering about, and while you stand here they think I am engaged and can't attend to them."

I could not be thrust away from her thus without making an appeal. At this distance of time I am free to confess that it was very bad manners on my part; but I would attempt to resist Mrs. Kellogg's authority.

"Perhaps, Miss Belmore, you will allow me to escort you down to the flower-stall?" I said, pertinaciously; "the bazar looks prettier from that point than from any other."

"Will you spare me, Gussie?"

"How unreasonable you are, Daisy!" Mrs. Kellogg replied, in a peevish tone. "No, I can't spare you. *Good*-morning, Mr. Lynton."

And then there was nothing for me to do but to take off my hat, bow my adieus, and retire, discomfited. But Daisy's eyes met mine once more, and put me at peace with all mankind. And, at least, I was thus much more blessed than I had been an hour ago, in that I knew her now.

The whole of that day, to the disregard of some of my possible professional interests, I hovered in and about that masculine purgatory, the bazar; but I failed in gaining further speech of the woman who had suddenly become the light of my life. But I saw her constantly, and derived a sort of tantalizing consolation from the sight; and occasionally I got a look across the crowd that compensated me for the weary watch I kept.

I have told you that Daisy had dark gray velvety eyes, but I have told you nothing more of her appearance yet. I will tell you now that she had a short oval face; in childhood it must have been round, like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's children. But now, in her glorious spring-tide, it was a delicate short oval. Her hair was very light and fine in texture, and of a rich golden brown in color. And her mouth was tenderly curved, and full of sympathy in every line. She had a gracious, womanly figure, too—not a stately, imposing "presence," nor a "sylph-like form"—but a full, gracious, well-developed figure, in which every organ, the heart included, had free room to play.

They were at the ball which brought the electioneering festivities to a close—Mrs. Kellogg and her sister—escorted by the man who had been kindly permitted by Mrs. Kellogg to bestow his name and money upon her. Mr. Kellogg was a short, podgy man, with a healthy red face, and a capital interest in the county bank; and, while he nearly supported the whole family, the Belmores conceived him to be much honored by the alliance.

Sir Laurence Divett was there too—a handsome, well-bred, successful young fellow. What chance, I asked myself, miserably, could an obscure country surgeon have against him if he meant to win her? The only reflection that brought me any comfort at that wretched epoch was that perhaps Daisy was not so lovely in his eyes as she was in mine. I admitted that this was a *possibility;* but that it should be a probability never occurred to me.

She was our queen, our rose, our star, that night. And the young baronet, the new member, devoted a large share of his attentions to her. So large a portion, indeed, that Mrs. Kellogg grew gracious with the world in general, and even honored me with a portion of her notice. She bowed, and brought me up to her side with one of those flashing smiles that women of the world know so well how to deal out liberally when they feel sure that the liberality will cost them nothing. And when I went up to her she said:

"Mr. Lynton, I must apologize for having appeared to be rather brusque at the bazar the other day; but the fact is, the burden laid upon me was greater than I could bear, as Longfellow observes apropos of something else. I did feel so dreadfully busy, and my sister would do nothing but talk to every one who came near the stall."

"Ha, ha! madame wishes me to understand that I was not specially favored by Miss Belmore," I thought; but I only said,

"I hope your efforts were well rewarded?"

"Yes—thanks. I made a good sum. My husband owes you an apology for not having called on you yet; I make it for him. Let me take you and introduce you to him."

I acquiesced in her suggestion, and felt overwhelmed by her kindness for a few moments, until she led me into the card-room. Then I realized that this was a *ruse* to get me away from the ball-room, where her sister was, and I resolved to balk her.

"You must fix one day of next week for Mr. Lynton to dine with us, John," she said, suavely, to her husband, as she was leaving us. And when she was gone, clumsy, blundering, honest "John" said:

"I'll fix a day for you to dine with us, with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Lynton; but it shall be to-morrow, if you please, when we have a party and a houseful of friends—not next week, when my wife's sister and every one will have left us. Will you come?"

I accepted the invitation gladly, and scored one against Mrs. Kellogg; and then I sauntered back to the ball-room, where I saw Miss Belmore pausing to rest in the middle of a waltz, while her partner (Sir Laurence Divett again) fetched her a fan from the other end of the room. In a moment I was at her side.

"Will you give me one dance?" I pleaded.

"With pleasure," she said.

"May it be the next?"

"The next is a quadrille, and I'm engaged for it," she said, consulting her card; "but the one after that is a waltz. Will that do?"

She looked up at me so suddenly as she asked her question that she caught the glance of ardent admiration that I was bending upon her, and in a moment her sweet face flashed crimson, and a soft light came into her eyes that made my heart beat.

"I have lived on the hope of this possibility, which is now to be realized, ever since I saw you that morning," I ventured to say; and then her partner came back to her, and they went whirling off together.

I was in a young man's paradise that night—a fool's paradise it turned out to be; but I would not part with those precious minutes of my life for all the wealth of the world. I believe we said little to one another. But the sensation of her hand resting in mine, the glance shot at me now and again from the sweetest eyes were ever seen, the sound of her breathing close to my ear, as, resting on my arm, we went round and round to the thrilling strains of the "Mabel" and "Guards" waltzes—all these things were infinitely more precious to me than any spoken words could have been at that early stage of the proceedings. Twice or thrice in the course of our gyrations I caught sight of Mrs. Kellogg, and saw that a lowering, ominous frown had settled on that lady's face—a frown that I should have felt boded ill for my future peace if I had not been so foolishly self-confident.

That night came to an end at last, but not the emotions that night's events had raised. Of course I dreamed of her, of Daisy—"my Daisy," as I presumptuously dared to call her to myself. And I woke to the joy of knowing that I should dine in her company that day. How fervently I blessed the uncle who had left me that practice in that place! How cordially I appreciated the kindness and forethought of the maiden aunts who had so stocked and furnished the house that I could take a wife into it at once without expending a single penny on mere "necessaries," which cost so much, and do nothing toward the gratification of the pride of the eye! What visions I had of Daisy flitting about the dark old abode, making it bright and full of sunshine by her mere presence! How little in my heart of love's young dream I foresaw impediments, or feared delay!

Mental cold water was thrown upon my fiery fancies as soon as ever I entered Mrs. Kellogg's drawing-room that evening. The lady of the house made it freezingly manifest to me that I was not welcome and not wanted. She paired me off with a grim old maid with bony shoulders, who was very deaf and very exacting, who would talk to me of woman's rights and wrongs until I could have wrung her scraggy, yellow neck. And all the while my darling was listening to and smiling upon Sir Laurence Divett, as she had listened to and smiled upon me only the night before.

I evaded my deaf and arbitrary persecutor in the drawing-room when we rejoined the ladies after having just enough of Kellogg's good wine to excite the brain and mar the judgment. And after a time I approached Daisy, and begged her to sing, for local report had assured me that she did sing most divinely. She demurred, with a little nervous hesitation in her manner; but presently she threw this off and went to the piano, and sat down and sang "*Non e' Ver*" in a glorious contralto that made every nerve within me vibrate convulsively. Sir Laurence Divett lounged on a low ottoman behind her as she sang, and sometimes beat time audibly on a little table that stood close by him. But I saw with satisfaction that her singing did not affect him as it did me. And I felt a proud consciousness of superiority to him in that I appreciated her more highly than he did.

She left Gleyne the day after this dinner, to go home to her mother's house (her father was dead) for a week or two, and then she was to return and stay with the Kelloggs "for a month," Mrs. Kellogg mentioned, significantly, in my hearing. Rumor had already told me that in a week or two Sir Laurence Divett was going to be the Kelloggs' guest, and it seemed to me that Mrs. Kellogg was bent upon forcing the young people into intimate communion. I did not know then how far things had already gone.

The week or two passed, and Miss Belmore came back to Gleyne, and I determined to seize the earliest opportunity of putting my fate to the touch. True, the young baronet was quartered in the same house with her; still it seemed to me that he was but a cool wooer, and I did not fear him greatly. Gossip was rife in Gleyne about Mrs. Kellogg and her ambitious views for her sister. But then gossip is always rife about every body every where, and I did not heed it much. It was quite sufficient for me that Daisy understood me. That she did so I never for a moment doubted.

The opportunity of speaking to her, of telling her in words what I felt sure she already so well knew from my manner, by the instinct of that fine sympathy which I believed existed between us, came at last. It came in a prosaic way. Not under green trees was it given to me; not by the river-side; not under God's free sky; but in Mrs. Kellogg's strictly conventional drawing-room, where the spirit of the country-town upholsterer was rampant, did I find my love alone at last.

I had called nominally on Mrs. Kellogg, but that lady being out, I had asked, with some fear and trembling, if "Miss Belmore was at home." The answer was in the affirmative, and I was ushered into her presence before I had time to think that, however the interview ended, it would be public property in Gleyne before nightfall.

My heart was in the matter too entirely for me to falter about it. I greeted her and introduced my subject almost in the same breath. I told her what she had been to me from the first moment that I had seen her. I took away her breath with my fervor and my intensity of feeling. I prayed for her love with a passion that made her tremble. I promised her that, as my wife, care and sorrow should be strangers to her. "My love shall shield you from every thing—from the coldness of ambitious friends—" I was saying, excitedly, when she burst out:

"Oh, stop, stop! Oh, Mr. Lynton, you will never forgive me; yes, you will, though—you will be yourself, you will be as generous and good and dear as I have always thought you. I am engaged to Sir Laurence Divett."

I don't know what happened during the next ten minutes. I believe I sat down and buried my face in my hands, like a baffled boy, instead of like a blighted man. But when I removed my hands from my burning eyes she was standing near me, with such wistful pity in her dear face that I loved her more than ever.

"I will tell you all of it now," she said, softly. "He asked me to marry him that night of the ball. I have known him a long time; every body—my own people, I mean—are so pleased with the marriage. Mr. Lynton, don't think of me hardly—and—and—go away now."

I obeyed her, and that was the last time I saw her as Daisy Belmore.

On the plea of ill health I went away for some months, and put a substitute in my practice, who killed and cured most successfully in my behalf. When I came back to resume my place in the little world of Gleyne, Daisy had been Lady Divett some three or four months.

I have called Daisy the love of my life. Heaven knows she was this. From the day that I knew that I had lost her, I never gave a tender word, or look, or thought to another woman. I did not neglect my professional interests, simply because human life and the happiness of others were involved in them. But I grew a grave, quiet, silent, self-absorbed man, and I lived a lonely life.

About four years elapsed, and then, by reason of some changes in our family circumstances, it was deemed advisable that my mother should take up her abode with me. She was a widow, and I was her only son; consequently, in a quiet way, it added much to the happiness of both of us when she came to dwell with me. Unconsciously I relaxed my habits of morbid self-contemplation under the healthy, loving influence of the mother who had borne me. And though I never grew a gay or genial man, I became a better and a happier one.

We vegetated on in this way for five or six years. The little world of Gleyne had ceased long ago to take an interest in me as a marrying man; and the young ladies who had been children when I came among them looked upon me as old and "out of the betting" altogether. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg had kept up a sort of quarterly interest in me. That is to say, about once in every three months they invited me to dine with them; and regularly at these dinners Mrs. Kellogg made honorable mention of her sister, Lady Divett—not to me, indeed, but to some one who sat near her—in a loud voice that I could not fail to hear.

At last the quarter slipped by, and there came no invitation to dine with the Kelloggs. I should not have noticed this fact, but it did not escape my mother's observation. She commented upon it, and fell into a way of speculating about it that was infinitely wearisome to me, until she fairly aroused my attention one day by saying, "The Kelloggs were in deep mourning yesterday at church; I hear they have lost a near relative on her side."

In an agony of mind that but a minute ago I had not thought it possible I could feel, I besought my mother to find out who that relative was. For the first time I mentioned Daisy to her. "Mrs. Kellogg had a sister in whom I was very much interested when I came here first," I said; "in fact—well, mother, *she* is the cause of my being a wifeless, childless man. Find out all you can; you understand?"

She did understand. Blessings on the maternal spirit which made her so prompt and so sympathetic! In a day or two she told me, casually, *as it seemed*, with what rare delicacy I alone could feel, that she had seen Mrs. Kellogg, and that Mrs. Kellogg was in much distress at the death of her brother-in-law, Sir Laurence Divett.

Eighteen months passed away after the receipt of these tidings, when one day, as I was riding home after a long, tedious, spirit-depressing round of complaint and suffering, I saw a traveling-carriage rolling through the High Street of Gleyne. A few stragglers were standing gazing at the progress; a few idlers were speculating as to whom it could be. I pulled up, and made one of a little group at the door of the "Golden Lion," and almost the next moment the carriage pulled up also. A man-servant out of livery descended from the box, and made inquiries as to whether "Lady Divett's servants could have accommodation at the inn for a fortnight;" and at the same moment, beaming through the carriage window, I caught sight of the still exquisitely lovely face of the woman whose beauty and grace had made my life barren.

Her eyes did not meet mine until just as the carriage was rattling away, and then I saw by the sudden gleam in them, by the pleased blush, by the irrepressible start, that she had recognized me.

"That's the widow Lady Divett, come to stay with her sister, Mrs. Kellogg," I heard muttered about. But I said no word on the subject until I got home; then I told my mother that I had seen her once more.

Two days after this I stood in her presence again. Her little child, a girl of seven, was ill, and she had sent for me. She met me just as she would have met any other medical man, who might possibly relieve her little feverish child. "Poor Daisy is not strong," she said, smiling like a Madonna upon her daughter; "and I get nervous about her, Mr. Lynton. It is such a comfort to me that I am within reach of one who bears such a high reputation for skill as you do."

"Is she your only child?" I asked, without daring to look at her.

"Oh dear, no! happily I can say no. I am very much blessed in my children; they are such sweet pets. You must know them all before I go again; my boy is nine years old."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, unguardedly. "Your boy nine years old! and to me it only seems like yesterday that you gave me that look across the crowd at the bazar, which made me your slave for life."

There came a color and a light upon her cheeks and forehead as I spoke that brought the blessed conviction home to my heart that *her* heart was not buried in the grave of her husband. She made no answer to my speech, but she was not angry with me for having made it; and, feeling this, I went home a happier man than I had been for years.

The little Daisy's illness, slight as it was, was a powerful help to me. I went to see the child daily, until the mother had got so used to my presence that the first day I staid away she missed me. The second day she wrote me a note relative to her child's medicine; and the third day she called on my mother.

I was only a country surgeon, and she was the wealthy widow of a baronet! Moreover, it had been duly impressed upon me by her sister, Mrs. Kellogg, that "Daisy's first marriage had been one of the purest affection." But neither of these facts prevailed against my love for her—my desire to have her for my wife. "I have been faithful to you for ten years," I said to her, briefly; "I shall be faithful to you unto my life's end, whether you marry me or not."

For answer she held out her hand to me, and when I relinquished it, it was the hand of my promised wife—long served for, and won at last.

She is Daisy Lynton now, and of all concerned only Mrs. Kellogg regrets that look across the crowd that made me go into bondage for life to the only woman who has ever had a loving look or word from me.

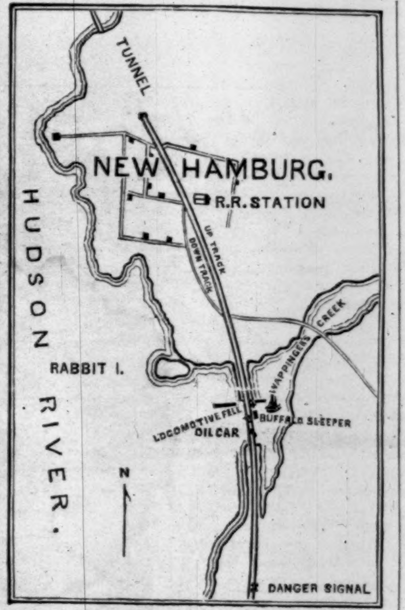
THE NEW HAMBURG DISASTER.

THE trestle bridge that carries the Hudson River Railroad over Wappingers Creek, near the village of New Hamburg, was, on Monday night, February 6, the scene of one of the most shocking disasters on record. The circumstances, as disclosed at the coroner's inquest, were briefly as follows:

The "Second Pacific Express" train left New York that evening about five minutes after eight o'clock. It consisted of the engine, baggage and express cars, five sleeping cars, and one ordinary car. A little behind time at the start, and losing more on the way by stopping to let a passenger get off, it was driven at a high rate of speed—by some estimated at forty miles an hour—rendered more than ordinarily perilous by the effect of the intensely cold weather on the rails, axles, and wheels. Yet all might have been well but for the accident to the huge and unwieldy oil train, which was coming from the opposite direction. This train, consisting of about thirty cars, overladen with immense tanks, each containing about five hundred gallons of oil, was also running, it is said, at an unusual and dangerous rate of speed. Just as it emerged from the tunnel above New Hamburg an axle snapped in two, letting a car near the middle of the train down upon the track. The accident was not discovered, and the train rolled on and partly across the bridge, when the broken axle caught in the trestle-work of the draw, and the car, with its inflammable freight, was thrown over upon the other track, upon which the express train, with its precious load of human lives, was rushing along. It was but a short distance away when the accident occurred, and we believe the evidence shows that there was not time to give the engineer warning of the danger before it was too late. On thundered the train, sweeping round the curve which conceals the bridge from sight until close up to it. Too late the engineer perceives his danger; too late whistles "down brakes," and reverses his engine. With a heroism worthy of all honor he remains at his post, determined to save the train or perish with it. The impetus was too great to be checked, and with a terrible shock the engine plunged into the oil car in its pathway. Instantly a loud explosion shook the air, and a blaze of light shot up toward the sky, illuminating the scene for miles around. Ignited by the fire from the wrecked engine, the burning oil that flowed over the bridge and the frozen creek beneath instantly enveloped the engine, the baggage, express, and the forward sleeping car in sheets of flame that rendered escape impossible. It mitigates the horror of the calamity to think that death must have come instantly to those who were imprisoned in the car, and that their suffering was not prolonged. The bridge is barely five feet above the frozen surface of the water, so that the cars felt the intensest heat and fury of the flames. It was some time before the bridge burned away, so as to let the engine and cars into the creek.

To add to the horrors of this fearful scene, where human aid was of no avail, the utmost confusion prevailed among the employés of the road. No one was on the spot to assume control; and a crowd of human harpies began plundering the baggage (part of which had been thrown out by the force of the collision), and the bodies of the dead, as they were drawn out of the water after the flames had subsided. This horrible work was at last stopped by the courageous bearing of a passenger, who drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the wretches if they would not desist. The officers and employés of the road exhibited the most heartless indifference, and left the work of rescuing the bodies of the dead from the water entirely to the passengers, while they busied themselves with clearing away the wreck.

The number of lives lost by this sad disaster is not yet definitely ascertained, but is supposed to be about twenty-five. Some remarkable escapes from death are noted by correspondents. Just before the collision a gentleman left his family to go into the smoking-car. It was a long separation: the shock came a moment afterward; and later the gentleman recognized among the mutilated bodies those of his wife and two children. One gentleman had started for the West, with his wife and all of his property, intending to settle there. Wishing to speak with a friend in a rear car, he left his wife for a moment; but before he could return the collision came, and he did not see her again till her mangled and disfigured body was taken from the ruins. A lady was on her way to Buffalo with two sisters, and wishing to make some arrangements with friends in the rear car, went back, and had barely escaped from the car when the collision took place. One gentleman saved his life by being ten minutes too late for the train. He had telegraphed to the conductor to reserve him a berth in the car which was consumed. The apparently trivial circumstance of his meeting a friend on his way to the dépôt caused him to miss the train. One of the most touching incidents of the tragedy was the death of the family of the Rev. Mr. FOWLER. This gentleman, with his wife and two children, was on his way, as a missionary, to Salt Lake City. They were all in the forward sleeping-car, and all were burned together.



SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

This is not the place to inquire whether the disaster was caused by carelessness or not. The coroner's inquest, in progress at the moment of writing, may throw light upon this question. On another page we give several illustrations drawn on the scene of the disaster; and the diagram of that portion of the road where the collision occurred will enable the reader to form a clear conception of the manner in which the sad event took place.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE enormous mortality from scarlet-fever in London has induced medical men in England to investigate more accurately than ever before the means by which it is spread. The results of their researches are specially useful to us just at this season, when that disease is prevailing in our own city to some considerable extent. We have no specific means for checking its progress, such as we possess in vaccination for small-pox; hence greater general care is requisite. In truth, scarlet-fever is extensively spread by personal carelessness and ignorance, by criminal neglect, and by recklessness of individuals as to the public safety. Intensely contagious as is this disease, the patient should be carefully isolated, from the first appearance of the fever until completion of the subsequent process of the peeling of the skin. His clothing is pregnant with poison, and should be thoroughly disinfected before it is sent to the laundry; and attendants should exercise the utmost care not to disseminate the disease. Probably scarlatina is extensively spread during the stage of convalescence, when the epidermal scales are so freely shed and diffused in the atmosphere. Cleanliness and general sanitary regulations, though no bar to its propagation, are of great use in mitigating the severity of this disease.

An excellent regulation is that which has been adopted by some of the Brooklyn lines of street cars, prohibiting the conductor from collecting the fares of passengers on the front platform through the door, but requiring him to go outside from the rear door for this purpose. Every individual who patronizes street cars experiences the great discomfort arising from a chilly current of air pouring through a partly opened door while outside fares are collected. Half the conductors pay little regard to the comfort or health of their passengers in this respect.

It is estimated that the total amount of wine produced in California during the year 1870 is between six and ten million gallons. In addition to this about 150,000 gallons of brandy have been made, which is said to be of superior quality.

A curious custom exists in Switzerland respecting news-boys. When boys cry and sell papers and extras through a city the law forbids them to announce the contents. No matter how exciting the news it may contain, they only announce the name of the paper, and the fact that it is an extra. Consequently there is no special inducement to manufacture news.

At day receptions in Washington the gas is rarely lighted. The rooms are partially darkened, just enough to prevent a glare. Usually a hostess has one or two young ladies receiving with her. After the entrance of the guests, chocolate or coffee and cake are served. This year there has been no wine used at the receptions of the cabinet ladies, as it was determined, if possible, to introduce simple customs.

Cardinal Antonelli has forbidden the publication of the *Almanac of the Holy See* for 1871. The Almanac contains the names of all the functionaries of the Pontifical government and court of Rome, and, if published, this list would have to be omitted, a virtual recognition of the fall of the temporal power; so a way is found out of the difficulty by suppression.

Numerous criticisms have been made upon Miss Vinnie Ream's statue of Abraham Lincoln. Some of these certainly seem both unkind and unjust. It does not, however, amount to much to assert that the artist "did not really execute the work, but got workmen to cut the model." Those who know any thing about art know that all modern statuary is put into marble by skilled "workmen," whose business it is; that the artist seldom, if ever, undertakes the purely mechanical process of reproducing his model in marble. Since the statue of Lincoln has been placed in the Capitol it has been constantly surrounded by throngs of people, cultivated and uncultivated; and the opinion is pretty generally expressed that it is the best literal representation of Lincoln that has been made, and that the artist has succeeded in retaining the likeness in the plain face and uncouth figure, while presenting both with dignity. The *Art Journal* of Rome, Story the sculptor, Kellogg the painter, and the artist Healy have all given thoughtful and approving criticisms upon this work. It will be remembered that the model was on exhibition in Washington for months before it was taken to Europe, and with the exception of the slight change in the drapery on the arm, recommended by Story, the finished work is a literal copy of that model. And it was upon that model that the eulogiums of Kellogg, Healy, Story, and the *Art Journal* of Rome were based. Time will show the justice of conflicting opinions. Every work of art must be judged on its own merits, and this statue of President Lincoln, if worthy, will stand the test of just criticism.

An item recently appeared in this column, taken substantially from the *Court Journal*, to the effect that the directors of the Bank of England had resolved that all their clerks should retire from their appointments at the age of sixty-five. A correspondent from Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, thinks that the apparent harshness of this edict will be mitigated by some statements which appeared a few years ago in *Wilmer and Smith's European Times*. At that time the eight hundred clerks of the Bank of England received salaries ranging from £65 to £800 per annum. The patronage was in the hands of the directors, of whom there were twenty-four, each having a nomination to admit one clerk, provided he be found qualified on examination. The vacancies were not, as in most public offices, filled up as they occurred by deaths, resignations, etc., but by electing from twenty-five to thirty junior clerks every four or five months; one-fifth of this number being usually from the sons of clerks already in the service. The scale of pensions for length of service was the same as in the government. A good library and reading-room had been established by the governor of the bank, to which the directors made handsome donations. A Bank Annuity Society, for the benefit of widows of clerks, was under the management of the clerks themselves.

The second reception of President Grant was the most brilliant in style that the Executive Mansion has witnessed for many years. The toilets were elegant, and the crush as great as any body could desire. In fact, hundreds of ladies, suffering agonizing apprehensions concerning the costly fabrics which encircled them, resolved, "Never will I come again." Of course they will go again all the same, however. One of the chief excitements of the evening was the visit of the Japanese Commission, who have been studying into the financial policy and processes of this country. There are several rich merchants among them, and one is reported to be a millionaire. Those who spoke English chatted freely with the ladies, and all seemed much entertained by the scene. Jushe Hirobumie Ito, Assistant Minister of Finance to the Empire of Japan, is the chief of the Commission. After they have learned what they can concerning our system of finance, they will visit Europe for a similar purpose.

The old adage that "a woman can not keep a secret" may as well be set aside as false and libelous. Proof: A young girl of St. John, New Brunswick, recently married, leaving the bridegroom in total ignorance of the fact that she was worth four millions of dollars in her own right.

Some of the most valuable sanitary work now done in France is confessedly by American philanthropy. Among private individuals who have devoted themselves to the relief of suffering soldiers may be mentioned Miss Clara Barton, who did so much for our soldiers in the late civil war, and under whose supervision are several military hospitals in Alsace.

Mr. James Jackson Jarves, who has for so many years been identified with art and art criticism, writes an interesting letter to the London *Art Journal* concerning the "Progress of American Sculpture in Europe"—a prolific subject. In it he mentions Thomas Gould, of Boston, but at present established at Florence, as "another sculptor who seeks to divert the popular taste into a poetical channel, and to vindicate the rights of art in the higher field of idealism." This in contrast to what he terms the "prevailing realistic bias of the popular taste," which seems to influence the sculptors who remain in America, and even many who go to study and work abroad. He speaks particularly of a statue of Gould's, concerning which we see frequent mention in our papers of late as being much noted by European critics—"The West Wind." Of this he says:

> "There is a breezy freshness of posture and airy lightness and flowing swell of gently stirred drapery, with a pleasing animation of features indicative of the balmy qualities of the wholesomest wind of the American continent, which particularly commend this idealization to the fancy. It is now the property of Hon. Demas Barnes, member of Congress from Brooklyn."

The statue is reported to have arrived in this country, and to be safe in the possession of its owner. We are glad it has not staid in Europe, as too many of our finest American works of sculpture have done.

A skeptical physician attempted to puzzle a colored minister by propounding to him various theological questions. "Why is it," he asked, among other things, "that you are not able to do the same miracles the Apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother responded, promptly: "Don't know about that, doctor. I specs I is. I have tooken a mighty sight of strong medicines from you, doctor, and I is alive yet." The doctor had nothing more to say.

For the benefit of that portion of the community who feel distressed if forced to appear at a fashionable party twice in the same dress, it may be stated that a lady of wealth, beauty, and fashion has made her appearance at three grand evening parties in Washington this season in the same costume. She still survives, and retains the respect of her friends. Sensible fashions may well be copied.

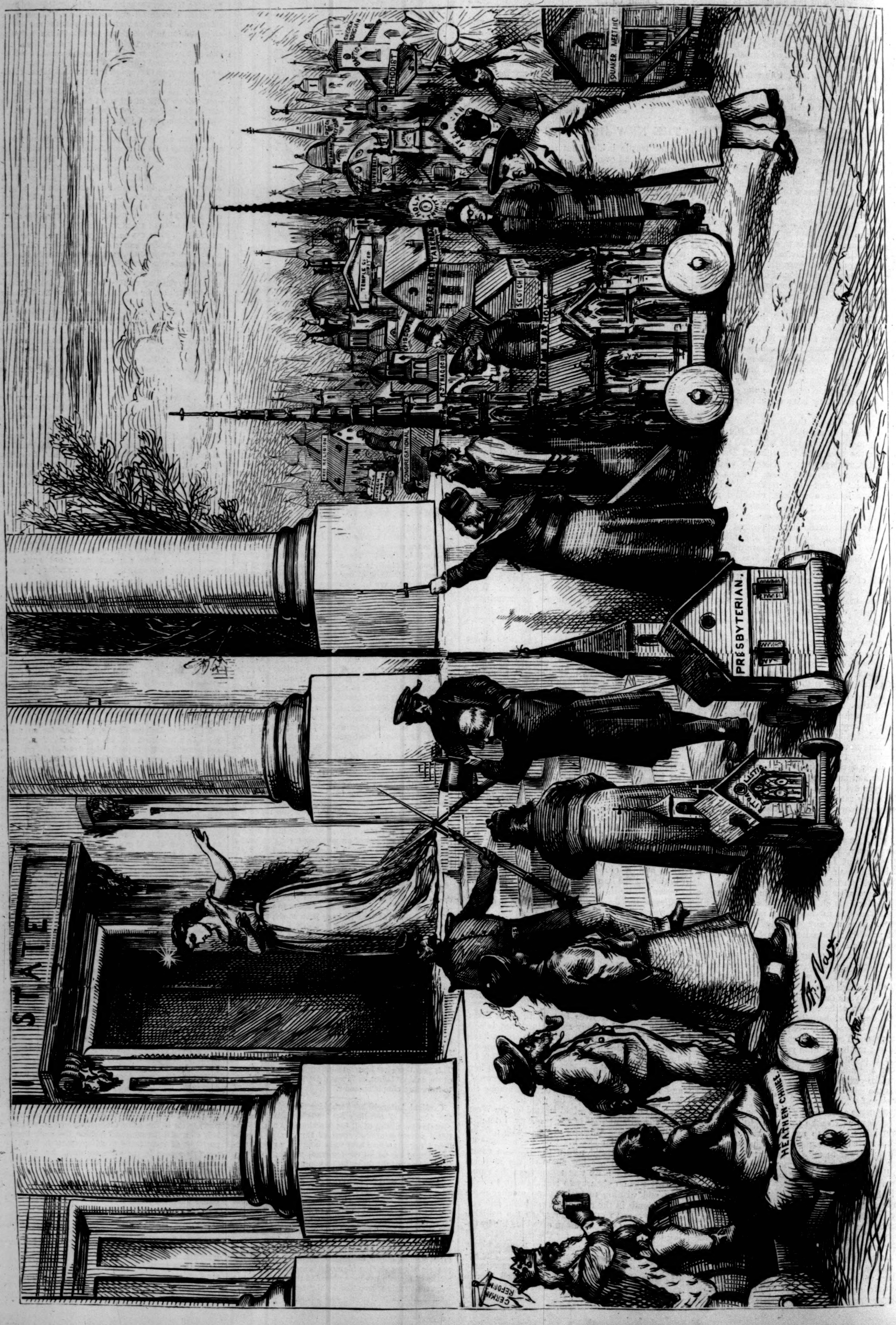
Herr Baedeker, the compiler of the well-known guide-books for travelers, is at present serving before Paris as a lieutenant in the Prussian Landwehr.

Mr. Spriggins counted his children the other night, and could make only fourteen.

"How is this?" he asked his wife; "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census."

"So there were," answered his wife; "but little Sammy was drowned since then."

"Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, it seems to me I heard of that at the time."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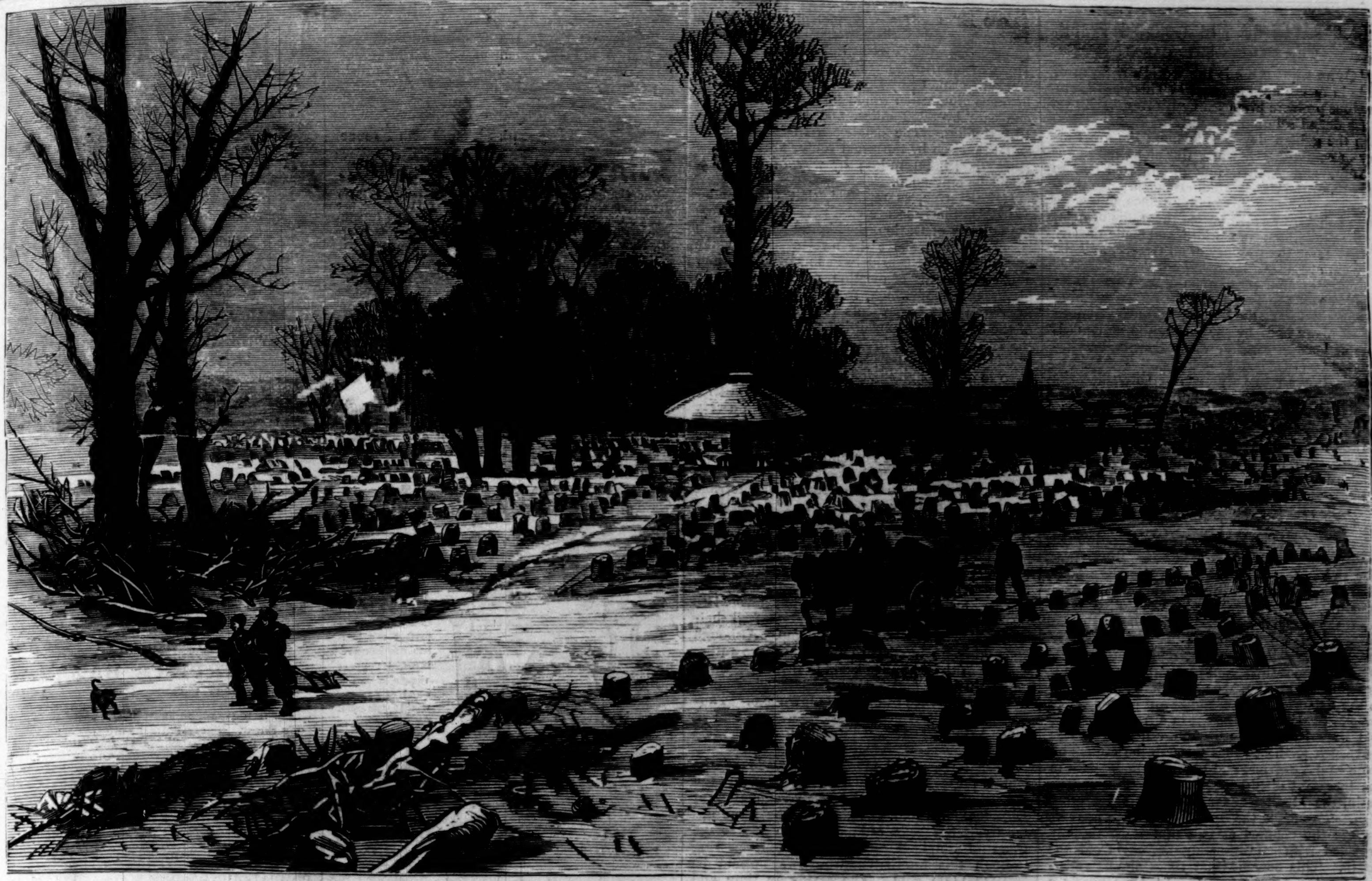
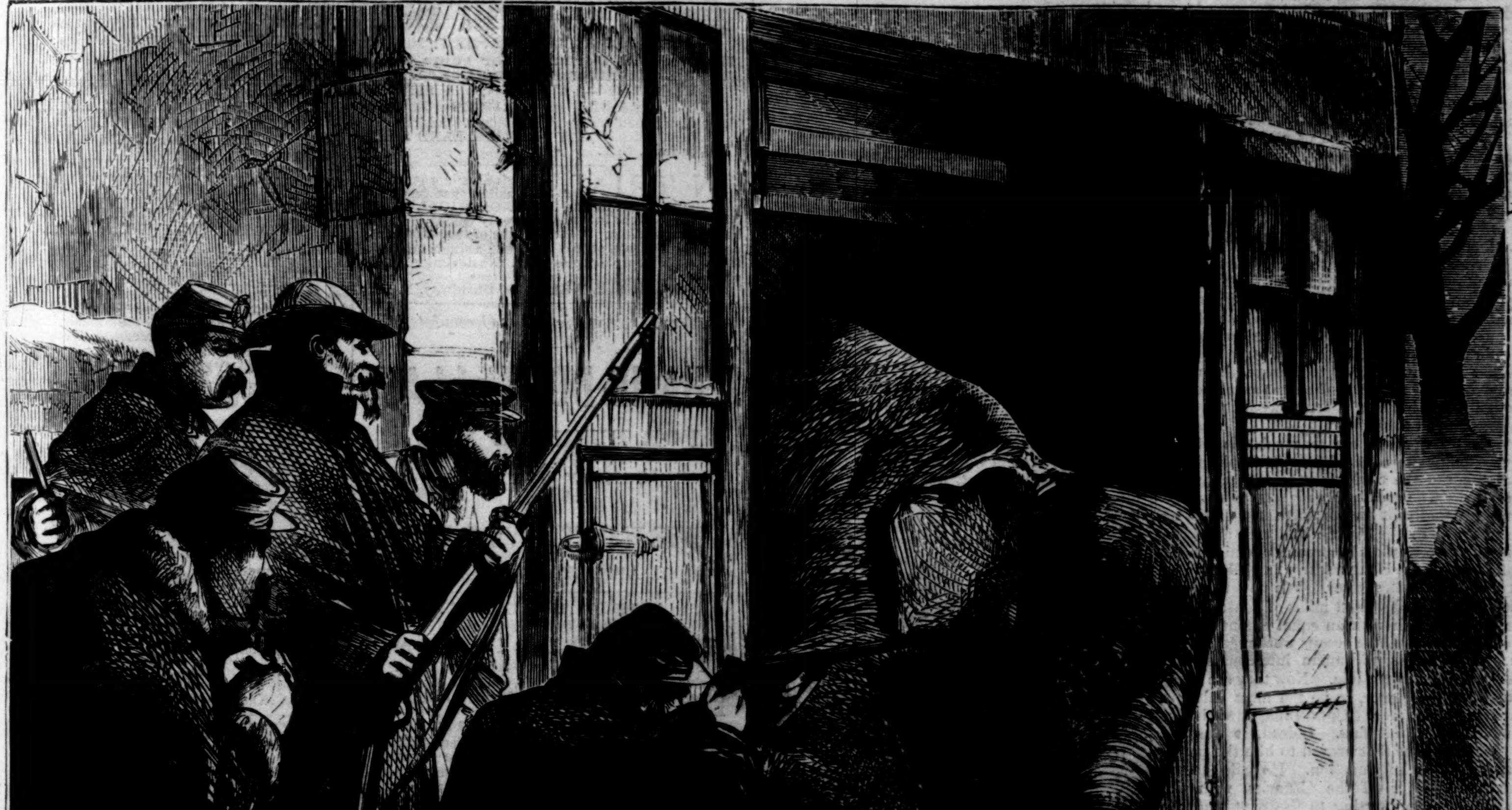


THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.—[See Page 167.]



SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS.—[See Page 167.]

THE CARAVAN OF THE WORLD'S TRADE.

THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL.

"Over what track is the world's caravan of trade in future ages to pass?" This was the momentous problem proposed by **Le Brun**. As yet it has defied solution.

In the golden days of Solomon the great artery of commerce by water was along the shores of India and Arabia, and up the Red Sea to Egypt and the classic Mediterranean. No thoroughfare vied with this in importance, unless we except that over which passed the traffic of Asia, across the Isthmus of Corinth, and made the city of that name the treasury of all Greece, and the very lap of Eastern luxury.

Centuries afterward, when **Vasco da Gama** doubled the Cape of Good Hope, every thing was changed; and the Isthmus of Suez, thronged for so many ages by the mercantile and maritime nations *in transitu*, was a silent and unfrequented bed of shifting sand.

It is not strange, therefore, that, since the completion of the Suez Canal, and the reopening of the once crowded but till recently deserted route of trade, the Old Word looks forward to the return of its ancient empire through the prosperity to be derived from improved communication with India and China.

The peculiar hazards and hinderances, however, in the Egyptian route are not to be removed.

Every body knows the perils of navigating the coral-reefed waters of the Red Sea. The winds that sweep across its narrow trough-like body from October to May are any thing but propitious to the seaman, taking his vessel directly on the rocks of the coast; while the evaporation at the head of the sea so reduces the level as to cause a heavy flow of water, rendering the passage to the outward-bound Indiaman as difficult as sailing up stream. At Gibraltar the avenues to the Atlantic for the homeward-bound vessel are almost sealed. Situated in a tropical region, and underlaid by those subterranean furnaces that belch forth at times through the craters of Etna and Vesuvius, and manifest themselves in the incessant disturbance of the soil around its basin, the Mediterranean is a vast evaporating dish. To supply the drain of moisture from its surface the channel at Gibraltar is continually crowded with an inrushing current from the ocean. This current is at times almost resistless for the sailing vessel. In 1855 nearly a thousand sail were detained for three months within the Straits waiting for a favorable opportunity to get to sea; and when some of these vessels, with strong wind, got out as far as Malaga, they were drifted back.

But, apart from all such considerations, the march and movement of national enterprise have changed within the present century. When **Hannibal** led his army over the Alps the world had an illustration of the value of a great highway of migration. While the other great rivers of Europe, flowing in a northerly or southerly direction, formed a barrier against the invasion of savage nations, as one has remarked, one river of the Old World, the Danube, on the contrary, served as a highway from East to West. Hence the ebb and flow of the great migration of nations, subsequent to the downfall of the Roman empire, were the strongest in the basin of the Danube, and for long centuries the fate of European civilization depended on the contest of races in this portion of the continent.

What the Danube was to Europe the uninterrupted highway across the equatorial ocean, through the Isthmus of Darien, would prove to the commerce of the world.

A Darien canal is the true solution of **Le Brun**'s long-agitated problem. A simple glance at the map of the world is enough to convince us of this. The great railroads soon to span the American continent on the north and south, as it is now girt by the Pacific Railroad, are hastening the diversion of the streams of emigration, wealth, and depreciated industry and talent from the other side of the water. We now face Europe with twelve hundred miles of coast on one side, and old Asia with an equal extent of line upon the other. Once oceans were regarded as the great barriers of human intercourse, and walls or moats impassable. Now they are seen, in the light of science, to be the most valuable vehicles of commerce. **Columbus**, unwittingly, stumbled upon this fact. Indeed, it was the very circumstance that proved to him the portal of success in his lofty mission. He sailed to the west, and fell in, off the Canaries, with the equatorial current setting to the west, and the trade-winds steadily sympathizing in his enterprise, and conspiring to speed him on his way. Had he found the Atlantic moving and mingling with the Pacific at Panama, with no intervening isthmus, then had the great Genoese lived to see the triumph of his reasoning, and the solution of the geographical problem we have adduced.

But a little rampart for the combined forces of civilized nations to overleap, and the route is forever clear for the commerce of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun.

The tendency, too, of every thing to-day, as it has been said, is to accomplish the most in the shortest time. The route to the East *via* Suez has not, and never can, furnish a release for the great bulk of sailing vessels from the circuitous and stormy tracks around the capes of Good Hope and Horn. The reasons already assigned will satisfy the reader of this fact; for he will readily see that the Suez Canal is, so to speak, *locked in* by the very position it occupies in the centre of the great continents. Turning our eye to the map of the world, we see that Darien is in the centre of the great oceans. The saving of distances would be an enormous gain. From New York to Calcutta, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, is a distance of 17,500 miles; and if the vessel chooses the Cape Horn route, it is 23,000 miles. If a way was opened through Darien by a canal, there would be a saving over Good Hope of over 4100 miles, and over Cape Horn of 9600 miles. By a voyage from New York to Canton, by the same cape routes, the distance *via* Darien would be diminished in the one case by 8900 miles, and in the other by 10,900 miles. The distance from New York to San Francisco by the usual route, around Cape Horn, is 19,000 miles; by way of Darien it would be only 5000.

If it be true, as reported, that Commander **Selfridge** has discovered a pass leading across the Isthmus of Darien, the highest part of which is only 300 feet above the level of the sea, the question must be considered as near its solution. We give, in this connection, on page 165, two pictures, one of which, from a photograph by Mr. **Sullivan**, represents the advance-guard of the **Selfridge** expedition preparing to cross the Isthmus. It is, in fact, a reconnoitring party of well-armed and picked men, whose orders were to go through in defiance of obstacles. We can hardly realize the difficulties of such a trip, nor can we wonder that they returned in a very dilapidated condition, having literally to cut their way through the dense tropical thickets, much of the way wading. The climate is of the most depressing character, extremely humid, and it required the utmost care to keep off the terrible fevers of the country.

The other scene represents a village of the native Indians. These are found along the shore, and also upon the adjacent coral islands, among the graceful palms and bushy mangroves. Their huts are thatched with palm leaves, and built of two stories, the upper one being devoted to sleeping-apartments, and the storage of all their goods which might suffer from damp. Although apparently an inoffensive race, they are rather jealous of these strange visits to their sultry and moist thickets, and zealously kept their women from the presence of the white intruders. They are, like most American aborigines, adepts at canoe-building, and sail them with considerable dexterity.

Official reports show that the trade of the United States that would annually pass through a Darien canal would be safely estimated at $205,000,000 gold. And upon the same authority it has been estimated the value of the trade of England and France alone passing through this international highway would be $310,000,000 gold. The saving in time and expenses to the world's commerce, it has been computed by one of the first commercial authorities in the country, the Chicago *Bureau*, deducting all tolls, towage, etc., would not fall short, by a transit on this route, of $60,000,000 annually.

A vessel can in no quarter of the globe find circumstances so auspicious for her voyage going west. Returning, she has only to enter the anti-trades, which, in the extra-tropical latitudes, blow her homeward, and while under their breath she can beat into the currents of the sea, such as the Gulf Stream and Kuro Liwo, in the northern hemisphere, and the Cape St. Roque and Mozambique currents in the south, which recurve to the east.

The completion of the scheme, inaugurated already by the United States, in the surveys under Commander **Selfridge**, will give an impetus to American commerce no legislation can ever impart, and revive it as by an electric touch. It would not conflict with any other existing interest, but, building up the shores of the Pacific with cities and towns, it would redouble the opportunities of all the inland and minor avenues of trade. Our Eastern, Southern, and Western States, no longer separated by a long and difficult voyage around Cape Horn from the Pacific shores of the continent, would realize more and more their unity and oneness in the common bond of nationality.

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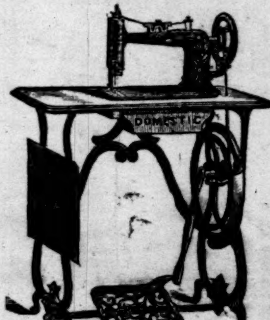

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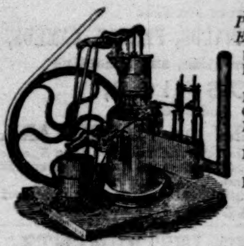

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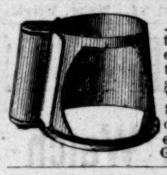

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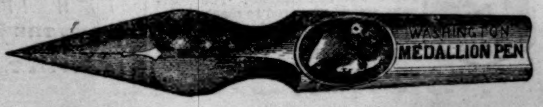

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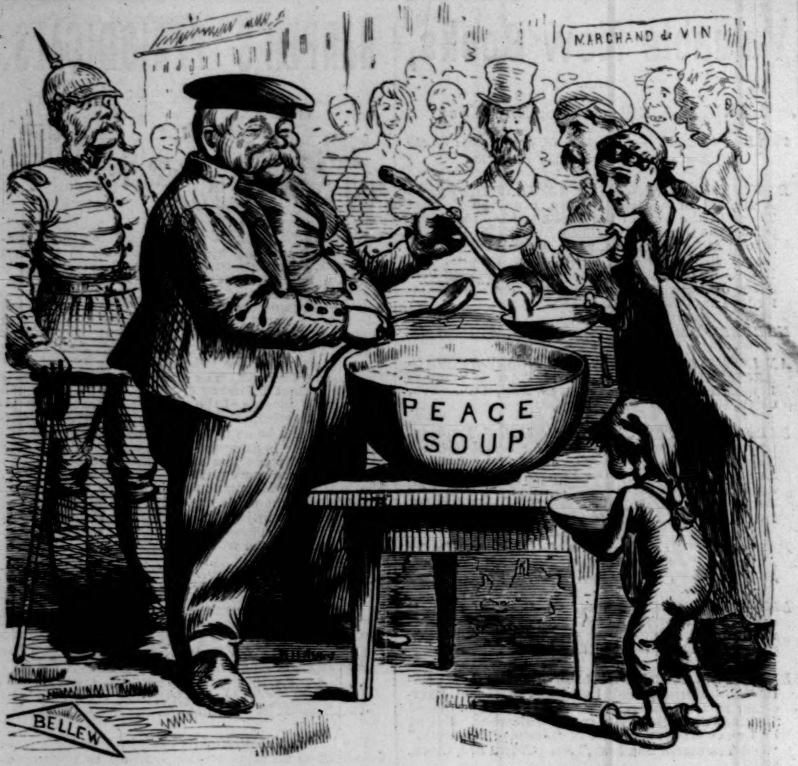

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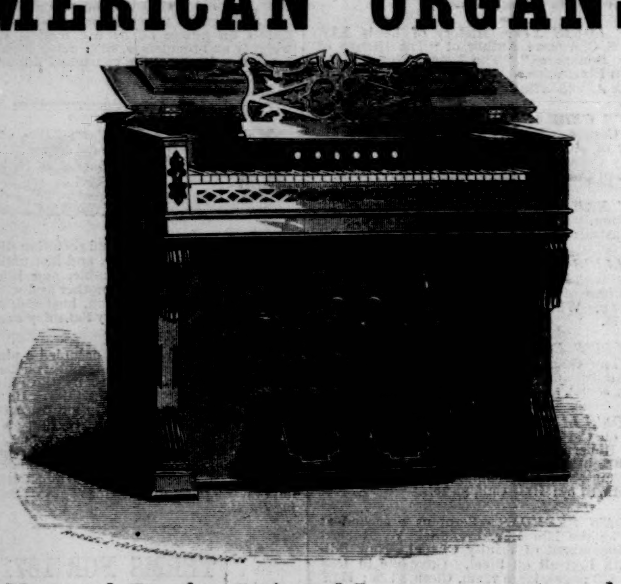

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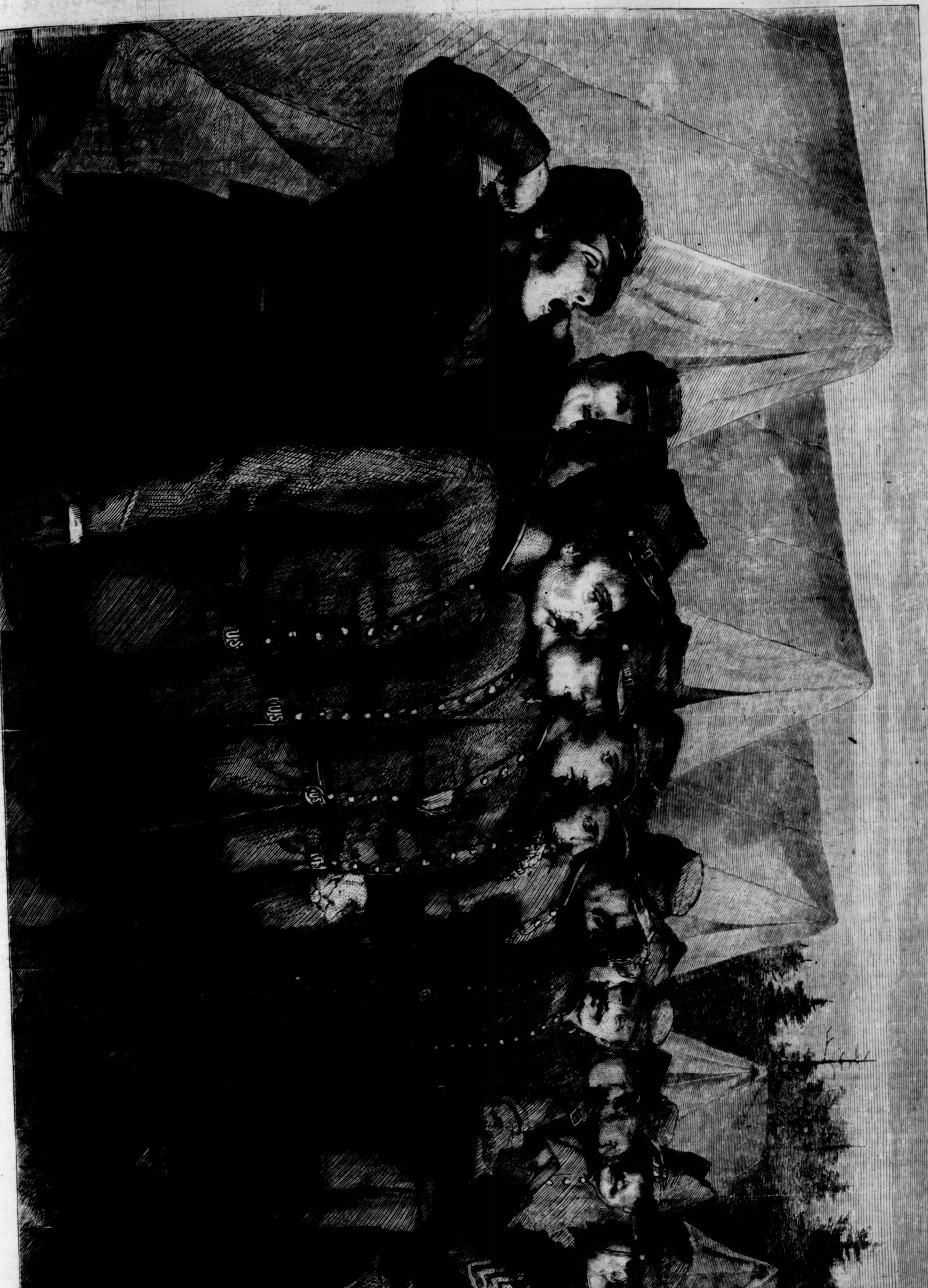

Julian Scott

MORNING ROLL-CALL AT WEST POINT.

FREDERICUS REX (OLD FRITZ).

(A FAVORITE SONG IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.)

FREDERICUS REX, our King and our Lord,
He called to his soldiers to buckle on sword,
Two hundred battalions, of squadrons ten score,
And to each man some sixty cartouches or more.

"You rascals!" His Majesty was pleased to say,
"Like men every one you serve me to-day:
They grudge me Silesia, the Grafschaft of Glatz,
And the one hundred millions locked up in our Platz.

"The Empress and French are in league, as I find,
And the empire of Rome with the pair has combined;
The Russians have fallen on Prussian land, too:
Up and show them what Prussians in earnest can do!

"My Generals, Schwerin and Field-Marshal Keith,
With Ziethen, are ready, and armed to the teeth;
Potz Mohren, Blitz, Hagel: French, look to your ears;
You little know Fritz and his old Grenadiers.

"Now, Louisa, adieu! Don't cry: never fear:
Some bullets fly crooked, remember, my dear;
If each bullet went straight and plump into its mark,
We kings should be soon left alone in the dark.

"The musket-ball makes but a little round hole,
The cannon-ball knocks apart body and soul;
The bullets are all made of iron and lead,
Yet many a shot misses many a head.

"Their guns of calibre are smaller and fewer;
From Prussia the foe get no cannon, be sure.
The Swedes have such cursed bad money, you know;
What the Austrians have, time will speedily show."

Fredericus Rex, whom the laurel wreath crowns,
If you'd only but now and then plunder some towns—
Fredericus Rex, ere your banner was furled,
We'd chase you the devil clean out of the world.

WHAT A GHOST-STORY DID.

"ALL in the dark!"

The door opened, heavy steps were heard, and a voice said, "All in the dark!"

"Papa, how you startled us!" said a girl's voice, almost from the floor—the speaker sitting on the hearth-rug, one knee slightly raised, her two hands clasped over it, and nothing visible in the semi-darkness of the room but a heap of white muslin with the moonlight streaming full upon it through the large unclosed bay-window, a similar patch of white a yard or two off, and a dark figure sitting on a low chair at the other end of the room, with two bright bars moving in front—a pair of knitting-needles—showing the busy mother at her constant occupation. One of her favorite maxims was, "Always be doing something."

She certainly carried it thoroughly out herself. The same could not be said of her daughter on the rug: she dearly loved what she called "resting" (from what, it was difficult to say); but, being an only child, she got a good deal of her own way. So when, on leaving the dining-room, she and her cousin had begged for half an hour without lights, Mrs. Vernon had on this occasion given up her maxim, and they were all thoroughly enjoying the darkness which, as Ellen Vernon said, "makes one feel so sociable."

The gentlemen—the father, a bachelor uncle, and a boy cousin home from Eton for the holidays—staid some time over their wine, adhering to the old custom; and it was on opening the drawing-room door to join the ladies that Colonel Vernon exclaimed, "All in the dark!"

On hearing his daughter answer "Us," he said, "Who are us? I can see nobody.—George," as by the sound he guessed his brother was tumbling over the furniture, "take care; don't break your knees, or my chairs. It's this silly child's fancy, I know: dreaming in the moonlight or gossiping—pulling your neighbors to pieces—eh, Nelly?"

"What a shame! Fancy mamma talking scandal! What have you and Uncle George been discussing—something very interesting? You've been such a long time! Where's Ned?"

"Gone to look after his new ferrets. That boy is wild after any kind of sport. But there he is just what I was at his age, so I oughtn't to grumble. Here he comes.—Well, have you seen after the new treasure? Jones hadn't forgotten to feed them, had he?"

"No, I never supposed he had; but it's as well to be sure. They should have plenty to eat at first. I mean to have rare sport next week; and you girls can come too, if you like."

"Thank you, most polite of boys!" rejoined his cousin. They were very fond of each other, but, cousin-like, were always chaffing. "Oh, I forgot; you're not a boy; Eton fellows are never boys, always men. I won't offend again. I beg the whole school's pardon, from the head master to the smallest fag. Don't annihilate me. Also, it is as well you should know, that white thing you are so quietly walking upon is my dress—not by any means meant for you to make a carpet of."

"I'm so sorry, Nell! but why are you sitting in the dark? Are you telling ghost-stories? I declare it would be a jolly time for a good story; that moonlight looks ghostified enough. I'll promise to scream or faint—which is the correct thing?—or I'll carry any of you out that do, and dip you in the fountain—warranted to cure any fainting or hysterics.—Does any one know a story? Nell, you're always ready to talk, and you're first-rate at odd bits of information; can't you tell one?"

"No, I can't; and, what's more, I don't think I ever heard a real ghost-story; I certainly don't remember it.—Mamma, you used to tell us lots of stories; did you ever tell us ghostly ones? or can you think of one now? I should like it of all things—shouldn't you, Constance?" turning to her cousin, who had been silent since the male addition to the party.

"Don't do any thing of the sort, Maria, I do beg." And they were quite startled by the earnest, almost imploring tone.

There was a movement in the darkest corner of the room, as George Temple (Mrs. Vernon's brother) advanced to the fire-place and felt for the bell.

"I'll ring for lights."

"Oh, uncle, don't!" exclaimed Nelly.

"I say, uncle, did you ever see a ghost?" called out Ned at the same moment.

"Don't talk nonsense," George Temple replied. He rang the bell sharply, and then, groping his way to the door, left the room.

"Has George gone?" said Colonel Vernon. "Poor fellow! he feels it, I do believe, as deeply as ever."

"Yes," replied his wife; "George is not one to forget. I did not remember him when the children were talking about ghosts; I ought to have stopped them. No wonder he could not bear it."

"Mamma, what is it? Did uncle ever see a ghost? What made him so odd?"

"I don't believe in ghosts; such rubbish is only fit for silly old women. I'm sure Uncle George is much too sensible," said Ned.

"Do tell us, aunt!" gently entreated his sister Constance.

"Even your curiosity roused, Constance!" replied Mrs. Vernon, with an attempt at a laugh—a very poor attempt, too.

"No, dears, I don't think I can tell you. It is a very sad story; my poor brother has never got over it. You know how quiet, almost sad, he is. I remember him the brightest, merriest fellow possible—always full of fun and high spirits. But no wonder. How I wish I had stopped the subject to-night! I believe it will bring the whole scene back, and quite prey upon him, though it is so many years ago."

"You must tell us, please—oh, do!" And Nelly came and stood beside her mother, putting one arm round her neck.

"Papa, make mamma tell us. There can't be any harm in it. We'll never repeat it, I'll solemnly promise—won't you, Connie, and Ned, too?"

"All right," the Etonian said; "I don't mind hearing, though I am not so curious as you girls."

"No, I should think not—it looks like it!" (Nelly's propensity to tease getting the better of her curiosity). "But you are not compelled to stay; you can retire into the garden, and show your manly disregard of our weakness; only don't come to-morrow and try to get it out of me—I won't tell you a word. Mamma dear, you will tell us, won't you? I hear John bringing the lamp; so, if your story is very horrible, we sha'n't be so frightened. Was it a real ghost? I didn't think there were such things."

"My dear, it was the consequences of a ghost-story, not the story itself, or even seeing a ghost, that affected your uncle. I dare say, like Ned, he does not believe there are such things, though I confess I do." Then, turning to her husband, "I don't see it will do any harm to tell them, as they wish it so much. What do you say? It may warn Ned never to do such a thing."

"I hope he doesn't require such a terrible warning. The whole thing was most unpardonable. I have only heard your account; but if I had been present I think I should have half killed Major Gordon; he certainly would have got a thrashing. Yes, you had better tell them, if you like; only remember, all of you, the subject is never to be mentioned again before your uncle—mind that. I'll go and see after him now; perhaps he is in the library."

"Now, mamma, we are all attention; do begin."

It is many years ago (began Mrs. Vernon)—I was a girl of sixteen—when my father took a house for a year two miles from a small watering-place on the Yorkshire coast. It was a very quiet place. The only house of any consequence near ours was a handsome one, with large park and beautiful gardens, belonging to a Mr. Masterton, whose family only lived there three months in the year, spending the rest of their time in London, or at a larger place he had in Northumberland. Our house—a sort of enlarged cottage, with all kinds of odd windows in still odder places, and covered with different creepers—was just outside the park gates. We had been living there about two months—my father and mother, your aunt Constance and myself; George, being then in the army, was with his regiment in Canada, but we expected him home, on leave, the next mail—when we heard the Mastertons were coming to Holme Park for their annual visit.

We were very anxious to see them; they would be our nearest, in fact, our only, neighbors for three months—the clergyman of the parish being an old bachelor, much liked by my father, but taking little notice of Constance and myself; and we hoped to be great friends with the family at the Park.

There were two sons and four daughters—the two youngest being girls, about our own ages, sixteen and fifteen. The Mastertons arrived on a Friday. Our old Scotch nurse always said, "No good came of any thing begun on a Friday;" and this visit was ever after her pet illustration. The dining-room windows of the cottage commanded a capital view of their gates; and we two girls spent that afternoon one at each window, and were rewarded after long watching by seeing the gardener's wife at the lodge, in a great state of fuss, opening the gates and staring down the road at least half an hour before a close carriage, a private omnibus, and three cabs from the station drove up. The gardener's wife and the servants were the only people we saw that day. As the horses in the first carriage slackened their pace, turning in at the gate, a gentleman's voice called from the window, "How are you, Mrs. Collins—flourishing, I hope? I'll come and see you to-morrow;" and that was all. Not much reward for three hours' patient watching.

The next day was thoroughly wet, and no one came to the lodge, as we half hoped they would in spite of the rain; but at half past four a dog-cart, driven by a groom, came from the house, clearly bound for the station. An hour passed before it returned, with a fair-haired man of six-and-twenty and a small bull-terrier occupying the front seat, a magnificent deer-hound lying at the man's feet, the groom and two huge portmanteaus being at the back. The driver was the eldest son—then a lieutenant in the Guards—now Colonel Masterton, the man so well known in India, to whom your uncle writes so frequently.

We saw the Mastertons at church the next Sunday. After the second service we went, as we usually did, to the vicarage for tea, where the Holme Park party also came: Mr. Masterton—a thorough country squire, strong and active, fit, in spite of his sixty years, to hold his own across country after hounds, and a capital shot; his wife, pale and delicate-looking—the sort of woman you feel assured leaves every thing to be decided by her husband when young, and by her daughters when they grow up; two daughters and a governess; the eldest daughter, Margaret, and her second brother remaining behind in Scotland visiting some cousins.

The Guardsman, considering afternoon service a work of supererogation, remained at home, strolling about the stables, smoking.

I don't know how it was, but I took a fancy to Charley Masterton immediately. Charley, you must know, was not a boy, but a young lady of twenty. Her proper name was Charlotte; but her father, of whom she was the especial pet, had re-christened her Charley when a very little girl, because she was a regular little pickle, more like a boy than a girl; and the name had stuck to her ever since. She was not really handsome, still less would you have called her pretty; but she was essentially bright-looking—no other word suited her so well. I can hardly describe her particularly; yet she stands as vividly before my mind's eye now as she did in bodily presence more than twenty years ago.

She was a general favorite, especially with gentlemen; they called her "so fascinating," and seemed all of them more or less in love with her dark eyes, irregular features, and bright, speaking face, set off by quantities of brown hair always very fashionably dressed. She was proud of this hair, often saying it was her only beauty, so she must make the most of it. I remember thinking, that first Sunday, how I should like to have my hair done the same way, and to be a "come-out" young lady like her.

At first Charley talked principally to the vicar, inquiring after half the parish. Presently she turned to me, asking about a peculiar Russian cat we had, saying she was quite foolish about all kinds of animals—we must come and see her collection—and then she went on to other subjects. She must have found both Constance and me very stupid. We had seen very little of the world, and were shy; but Miss Masterton did not seem to mind that, and took such trouble to amuse us, and make us talk, that before she rose to say "good-by" we were quite charmed with her; in fact, we liked all the family, and the liking seemed mutual; the elders of both houses making out many common friends. So in a short time we became very intimate; hardly a day passed without our meeting; and when my brother George came home it continued just the same.

George was then thirty: tall, with gray eyes, straight, well-cut features, golden-brown hair and whiskers—in short, a very nice-looking young fellow; and very proud we were of him.

The Mastertons had a party of gentlemen staying with them for shooting, and George, being a great sportsman, was at Holme Park daily.

It would take too long to tell you how George Temple and Charley Masterton fell in love with each other; but so they did; and though there were difficulties at first—Mr. Masterton objecting to his daughter marrying a soldier, and Charley being too sensible to wish him to leave the army, though he was quite willing to do so for her sake—yet, on the whole, their course of love ran pretty smoothly; and it was settled they were to be married in six months, so as to join his regiment in Canada the next summer.

Mrs. Masterton had an idea her daughter was being exiled to a kind of Siberia, and moaned continually over it; and Charley's spirit of fun often prompted her to horrify her mother by predicting she should come back a regular colonial officer's wife, calling people by their surnames, and perpetually talking of "our fellows."

Those six months were a very merry, happy period for us. The Mastertons spent most of the time at Holme Park, and we grew to like our future sister-in-law more and more. The days passed quickly, and March came, and the important day and all necessary arrangements were settled.

It was two days before the wedding—that was fixed for the 8th of April, a Thursday. The Monday before, Charley said to my mother, in her coaxing way, she should like to spend a last evening at our house—could she come that night? The next day all the guests for the marriage would arrive, and she could not well manage it then.

So it was settled that she, George (who dined almost daily at the Hall), and any of the others who liked, should walk across the park after dinner.

Accordingly, about eight o'clock (people dined earlier twenty years ago than they do now), we saw them coming—Charley, George, Margaret Masterton (Charley's eldest sister), her brother Robert, and a distant cousin of theirs—Major Gordon, who, his regiment having recently come into the country, spent much of his time at Holme Park.

I must describe him fully, or you will hardly understand his part in the catastrophe.

Alan Gordon, the younger son of Scotch peer, was wonderfully superstitious, and a great hand at curious "uncanny" stories. It puzzled me then, and has done so often since, whether he really believed what he said. However, he had a remarkably *real* way of talking of the supernatural.

His stories were very odd—decidedly improbable—not to say against all reason; but he seemed to believe them himself so thoroughly that, against your will, they impressed you. I believe they had that effect upon many strong sensible men. I know my father, the most practical person alive, used to say his tales were most unaccountable; but "Gordon's head was in a mist, like his native mountains."

All that generation of Gordons were more or less in the same way. Of late years I have met several of them, and have heard them gravely declare the gift of second-sight was in their family. I am sure Alan believed so, though it seems unheard of in these days that educated people could be so superstitious.

Putting aside this belief in ghostly appearances, in other respects Major Gordon was a sensible man, extremely agreeable, and a general favorite in society. He was about forty—a tall, powerful man, with light hair, and a round, good-natured face; but his naturally merry expression was spoiled by a habit of rolling his eyes when speaking, till often only the whites were visible. He was a thorough soldier; had been much on foreign service; consequently the Mastertons knew very little of him. Indeed, I do not think the younger part of the family had even seen him till his visit to Holme Park some two months before; but they liked him much now, Charley especially. She was always asking about his adventures, and getting him to tell her stories. She owned they frightened her; that she could not bear to think of them afterward; still there was a fascination in them.

I don't know whether I ever told you, one curious thing about Charley was her horror of the dark. A dark room sent a shudder through her. It was extremely silly, and she often said as much, knowing nothing could hurt her; but still the fear remained. She never seemed able to get over it. I do not think any power on earth would have tempted her to stay five minutes by herself in perfect darkness. We used to fancy she had been frightened, when a child, by a foolish nurse; but that never was proved. You can imagine how we all, and especially the Masterton boys, teased her, calling her "a goose, and afraid of her own shadow;" but it was of no avail; and all had at last become so used to her fear, no notice was taken of it.

Well, that Monday night they came—three Mastertons and Major Gordon. It was a lovely night; the air warm as June, the moon just rising as we went across the lawn to meet them. There were exclamations on the beauty of the weather, and many hopes that Thursday would be as fine; my father laughingly telling Charley, "If it rained, she must put off her wedding: rain was so unlucky."

Upon this Major Gordon, who was walking with my mother and Margaret Masterton, turned round, and said, in fun,

"Mark my words, Charley, that wedding of yours won't come off—you will see. Remember the proverb, 'There's many a slip,' etc."

We little thought, as we listened to her merry reply, "If Captain Temple changes his mind, you'll have to take compassion on a forlorn damsel and marry me yourself; and that will be a punishment for your impertinence, Sir; for I shall plague your life out"—we little thought how sadly true his words would prove.

I must make my story short, though it is difficult to do so, remembering, as I do, every action—nay, every trivial word spoken that evening. They passed unheeded at the time, till the awful end of that merry party stamped every thing connected with it on my brain, till nothing will efface the impression.

We lingered some time in the garden, then went into the house and had tea; and it must have been nearly ten o'clock when, sitting in the drawing-room talking, Margaret (poor girl, it has quite haunted her since to think that she proposed it) said,

"Alan should tell one of his stories.—Mrs. Temple, have you ever heard one of Cousin Alan's ghost-stories? He tells them wonderfully. Wouldn't you like to hear him? Charley actually believes in ghosts, and Alan says she is as good as a Scotchwoman!"

Several of us exclaimed,

"It would be capital fun; and Major Gordon must tell one."

He agreed; but said the lights must be put out; no one could tell a good horrible story in the face of two lamps and four candles; and if the blinds were up, there would be just the proper ghostly light. He had his way; and I remember well how bright the moon shone, making the grass look like snow, contrasted with the intense blackness of the clump of tall trees some twenty yards off.

The room we were in had a large bow-window at one end. Close to this window, but rather in shadow, so that only the outline of his figure was visible, sat Major Gordon; near him, on a low chair, was Margaret Masterton; and Charley was on the floor at her feet, with her hands clasped on her sister's knee, and her eyes gazing out into the moonlight, apparently fascinated by the weird shadows. The rest of the party were scattered in other parts of the darkened room.

"It is at least ten years ago," began Major Gordon, "that I was taking a walking tour through the northern part of Sutherlandshire. It is a curious part of the country for such an expedition; I can hardly say why I chose it—perhaps from its being almost the only spot in my native land I knew literally nothing of. I had been shooting woodcock with some fellows in the Hebrides, and a very jolly party we made. When our sport was over we all went east together. At Stour I left them, starting on my own hook, in spite of much chaff at my choosing such a country and such a time—the end of November—for a tour. I suppose none of you have been in Sutherlandshire. It is just about the wildest, most desolate place you can imagine—the wild, grand scenery that impresses one with admiration, mingled with a sense of one's own insignificance. As I walked day after day through immense tracts of moorland, hardly ever meeting a human creature, a feeling of loneliness and utter desolation—a sort of hopelessness of ever again arriving at civilization—came over me, and I resolved that, as it was my first, so it should be my last visit to Sutherlandshire.

"I must tell you there were hardly any inns. I generally slept at farm-houses. The people were hospitable, though primitive, and my welcome was generally cordial. I went on in this way for a week, when, feeling I had had quite enough of it, I started one morning from my sleeping-quarters, intending to walk some twenty miles to a town on the coast, whence a coach went monthly to Inverness. I missed my way; for, as night began to close, I found my road stopped by a small river, with no means of crossing it. I followed the banks for perhaps three miles. At last I saw a light; on nearer approach I found it came from a considerable-sized house. Though now inhabited by a farmer, it had evidently seen better days; there were remains of handsome gates; part of the original house had been pulled down, part converted into farm buildings. One wing remained perfect, and toward a door in the centre of this I directed my steps. After much knocking, the door was opened by a servant-girl, who stared when I asked if I could have a bed for the night; and, saying she would 'ask the master,' shut the door. When the master came—a rather stupid though pleasant-looking man—he seemed doubtful, was afraid they had no room for strangers, but would see; I might come in and have a rest and a bit of supper, if I pleased. Nothing loth, I followed him into a comfortable kitchen, where his wife was busy preparing the meal; and in a few minutes we sat down to enjoy it—myself, the farmer, his wife, the girl who had come to the door, three or four farm laborers, and an old woman, deaf and seemingly half-witted—the farmer's mother, as I found afterward.

"After supper I asked about my bed. Then arose a difficulty. The wife said, 'There was no room.' I suggested, 'The kitchen would do.' She said, 'The mother slept there.' I asked, 'Was there another house near?' She said, 'Not for six miles.' At last the farmer whispered something to his wife. She exclaimed, 'For Heaven's sake, don't put the gentleman there!' I asked, 'Where?' And the man explained. There were two rooms they had never used; there were queer noises in them—he believed they were haunted; but perhaps one of them might be better than the big barn, the only alternative? I said, 'Certainly; I would face the ghosts.' And, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the wife, so it was settled.

"I went with the farmer to inspect the rooms, and chose the smaller of the two. There was no furniture in either, but the farming men brought in three benches; we placed them side by side, spread some blankets on them, and my bed was ready. A glorious fire was made up, and, in spite of ghosts, I congratulated myself on my quarters. On returning to the kitchen for my knapsack, the moment I appeared the old woman ran toward me—I had no idea any thing so bent and crooked had such pace in her—and, flinging herself on her knees before me, prayed me, 'For God's sake, do not sleep in that accursed room!'

"This rather startled me; but I thought her out of her mind, so tried to soothe her, assuring her nothing was likely to happen; I was sure there was nothing in the rooms, and wondered they did not use them. She only grew more earnest, sobbing and rocking herself backward and forward, crying, 'I should be dead before morning! She knew I should! It was just the same before!'

"Her words seemed strange, but she looked a poor, demented creature; so, finding my soothing quite ineffectual, I cut the matter short by taking my bag and leaving the kitchen. I wished the farmer good-night outside my door, and was alone. The hot kitchen, after the long cold walk, had made me drowsy. Before many minutes I was in bed and asleep. How long I slept I know not. Something, I can hardly tell what, awoke me. The fire had burned low; still there was sufficient light to see there was no one in the room save myself; but an icy chill crept over me, a consciousness of not being alone possessed me. I sat up and stared round. There was nothing. Still the feeling grew stronger. Suddenly I heard a groan—another, deeper, louder, nearer—and a hand, cold like a corpse's, was laid on my shoulder. I started round; every particle of blood froze in my veins, for I saw—"

At this moment Major Gordon uttered a loud, piercing shriek. It was a trick. The whole story had been nonsense! He only did it to frighten us; but—the effect was terrible. His shriek was hardly ended when, almost joined to it, we heard a most fearful cry—a long, agonizing scream. You can never realize what it was like. I shall never forget it. It seemed really like a spirit being torn out of its body. Another, louder still, but stopping suddenly—not as it were ended, but broken off in the middle—and Charley Masterton's head fell heavily on her sister's knee. Every one started up. Major Gordon said,

"Who screamed? You're none of you frightened, are you?"

Margaret laid her hand on Charley's head, saying,

"My darling, what is the matter? Didn't you know that it was only Alan's nonsense? I knew his voice directly!"

Then, as she grew frightened at the silence,

"Oh, Charley! what is it? Do speak!"

But there was no answer. George sprang across the room.

"She has fainted! Bring a light! Some one get a candle, or any thing!"

He lifted her up; lights were brought, and she was laid on the sofa; but still she neither moved nor spoke. George kept repeating,

"She has only fainted, she has only fainted."

But I saw how his whole frame shook, and his face became deadly pale; and a dreadful fear came over me that she would never speak again. Alas, alas, it was so! Charley Masterton was dead; had died of sheer fright! She lay there with an awful terror fixed on her face. We all stood round for some seconds, too awe-stricken to do any thing—George, supporting her head on his arm, repeating over and over again,

"She has only fainted! Can't you see it is only fainting?"

But at last he grew silent. Then my father spoke,

"I will send for a doctor."

He walked to the door, and we heard him outside giving orders for the groom to start immediately. When he came back, laying his hand on George's arm,

"My poor boy!" he said, "I have sent for Blake; but I fear—I fear nothing can be done."

Then turning to young Masterton,

"Some one must break this to your father; can you do it?"

At his words Robert Masterton roused himself; since the first he had stood motionless by the sofa, hardly realizing his sister's state. Now he started, stooped, pressed his lips on her forehead; then, all of a sudden seeming to understand, strode across the room to where Major Gordon sat, shook him roughly by the shoulder, saying in a voice low, but fierce with concentrated passion,

"You murderer! look at your work! How dare you try your devilish trick upon her! Go and tell my father you have killed his daughter; you are the fittest person to tell him. Go! By Heaven, if Temple does not kill you, I will!"

When Charley was first laid on the sofa Alan Gordon looked once on her face. He had seen death too often to doubt its aspect now. Then he walked to the window, sat down, burying his face in his clasped hands, and never moved till he heard Robert's words. Now he sprang up, confronting him haughtily, a savage frown darkening his face; gradually it faded; a look of intense pain succeeded—a look of almost agonized regret; and he answered in a low, broken voice,

"I never meant to hurt her. I would give my life, ay, ten lives, to undo this night's work; I did it in fun—devilish fun, you say right—but—but—" Here a sob broke his voice: he walked to the door, then said, "I will go and tell them! It will kill my uncle; I shall be a double murderer."

His hand was on the door. Suddenly he turned, rushed across the room, flinging himself on the floor by the sofa.

"Oh, Charley! dear Charley! you can not be dead! It is not true! I have not killed you! Say so! Oh, speak!"

My mother gently pushed him away, saying,

"Go—do go; you can do no good; don't stay here."

He rose, staggered across the room; my father followed him out and shut the door.

We that remained tried various restoratives, feeling their utter uselessness, but from a feeling of restless anxiety to try something. Then the doctor came. A brief examination only confirmed the worst. It was all over, poor Charley's short bright life; and nothing remained but to carry her home—the senseless body to its earthly home. But the spirit, the kind, loving heart? ah! we could not doubt whither that had gone—to the only true home, compared with which the brightest, happiest earthly lot (and Charley's had been a very bright, happy one) fades into utter blankness.

I can not describe the rest. You must picture to yourself the father's intense grief, the mother's silent anguish; the awful stillness in the house so lately resounding with merry wedding preparations, as they bore her, a pale, silent corpse, on the very road she should have traveled a happy bride, under the half-finished arches the village people had been busy all day erecting; the church-bell sadly, solemnly tolling out the twenty-one years. It must have been just midnight, for the bell had hardly ceased when the clock struck twelve; and I remember well the awful shudder I felt (it seems to creep through me now)—the feeling some one else must be dead, that that bell would never be still—would go on tolling forever.

I need not tell you how George felt this cutting off at one blow of all his happiness. Poor dear fellow, he has never got over it yet. It was very quiet, very deep grief; I do not think he ever shed a tear. Never to this day has he spoken of her; but I have seen him—ay, not a year ago—shudder and turn pale at the careless mention of the name Charley; and I am very sure his only wish, his only hope, has been to follow her, to meet her again, never to be parted. But people do not die for wishing; and after long years in India (he went there six months after her death), after active service during the mutiny, and many hardships, he is still a strong man; but, as you all know, he always seems one burdened, almost broken down, with heavy, secret sorrow. And this was the cause—a seemingly trivial thing, which many would call a harmless practical joke; and yet look at the awful consequences!

Major Gordon I have never seen since; he left the country immediately, and for many years was never even heard of; but I believe he is alive still. The Masterton family are much scattered; some married, some dead— But hush! not another word on the subject: here comes your uncle George!

PARIS IN 1815.

Now that the Prussians have captured Paris, it may be useful and interesting to recall a few of the episodes of the foreign attack on that city after the abdication at Fontainebleau, and after Waterloo and the Hundred Days. As regards the last-named epoch, we can not do better than consult Mr. John Scott, who, to a certain extent, may be regarded as the prototype of Dr. William Howard Russell, and (Xenophon's claims always reserved) as the first "special correspondent from the seat of war" for the English press. Mr. Scott was the editor of a London newspaper called the *Champion;* and hastening to Paris as fast as the Margate hoy, the Dover coach, and the Calais mail-packet would allow him, to "do" the captured city, he sent home some very graphic narratives of the spectacles he had witnessed, and of which we purpose to give a few brief extracts. Mr. Scott likewise had a friend who watched from day to day the collapse of the First Empire, and who has jotted down some very curious notes of the gradual tumbling to pieces of that stately structure. Here is Paris on the 20th of June, 1815, two days after Waterloo had been fought. "A rushing whisper," writes the diarist, "pervades Paris, increasing to a buzz in the cafés, that the army has suffered a great defeat. Lucien Bonaparte has sold out twelve millions of francs to-day. Stocks fall to fifty francs" (about their present quotation on the Paris Bourse). "Nine o'clock, evening. The news keeps us all on our feet. People throng toward the Tuileries, the Barriers, etc. Report of a battle lost gains ground. Bonaparte, they say, has been killed. Jerome has arrived wounded from head-quarters. The officers and Bonapartists evince consternation." Well they might; for Wellington was swooping down upon Paris like a sandstorm on a caravan in the desert. "Wednesday, 21st, nine o'clock, morning. The army is lost, annihilated. Bonaparte is in Paris, wounded, killed! Not two hundred of the Imperial Guard remain." (The Imperial Guard, the old one at least, ran away in the *Sauve qui peut* at dusk from Mont St. Jean, and were safe and sound some weeks afterward on the banks of the Loire.) "The Allies are marching on Paris. The Chambers are sitting, in consequence of a hasty summons. The police interfere harshly with the assemblages in the streets, to stop the circulation of the dreadful tidings. The royalists become at first agitated with hopes, then enthusiastic and regardless of restraint. The representatives declare *La patrie en danger;* they proclaim their own permanency, and that he is a traitor who shall attempt to dissolve them. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely is not allowed to read the Emperor's bulletin to the Chamber. The ministers are ordered to appear at the bar. Immense crowds surround the palace of the Legislature; but the crowd behaves very well. A member expresses his surprise that Bonaparte has not yet sent his abdication. *Stocks rise to fifty-five francs fifty centimes.*" (They rose because the moneyed and influential classes were eager to get rid of Napoleon, and were quite ready to welcome the allied armies. In England the funds generally experience a slight fall at the death of a sovereign. Nobody can exactly tell why; for stock-jobbers would seem to be superior to such little human weaknesses as sorrow and commiseration; but at the death of Queen Anne the funds rose. The common people were very fond of the "good Queen Anne," and mourned her death most piteously; but she was a Jacobite, and her death came just in time to prevent her recognition of the old Pretender as her successor. The incoming of the house of Brunswick, desired by the moneyed classes, was assured, and stocks rose.)

And so from day to day goes on the diarist. He proceeds to tell how the command of the National Guard was given to Marshal Macdonald, and how the abdication of the Emperor was strongly advised by Prince Lucien, by Caulaincourt, and Fouché—the last, Duke of Otranto, the second, Duke of Vicenza, owing every thing to defeated Cæsar; the first, his own brother. How the rats desert the sinking ship! On the 22d, Napoleon's surrender of the crown, which he picked up out of the gutter, was announced by proclamation. The funds opened at *fifty-nine* francs, with great applause and some cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Disturbances took place in the Palais Royal, caused by decorated officers attempting to make the passers-by cry "*Vive l'Empéreur!*" Stocks closed at sixty-two francs fifty centimes. Please to remember that all this time the victorious British, and the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians were getting nearer and nearer Paris. On the 23d young Napoleon was "ambiguously recognized by the Chambers," and stocks fell two per cent. Extraordinary speeches were made by Ney and Labédoyère, the halters round whose necks were rapidly tightening. The next day an attempt was made by the Fédérés (who may be described as the Belleville patriots of the period) to disarm the National Guard, and proclaim the Second Empire, or the Republic, or something else nice and hot and violent. The revolt was put down, and at noon commissioners left Paris for the head-quarters of the Allies. "Many projects," the diarist writes, "were announced among the anti-Bourbonists. The regency was the favorite, with modifications—namely, the Empress to be regent, or her brother, the Archduke Charles" (an Austrian field-marshal!). "According to others, the crown should be offered to Eugène Beauharnais if the young Emperor is rejected; or to the Duke of Orleans" (he afterward became Louis Philippe I.); "*or to an English prince!*"

On the 26th there was a rumor in Paris that Marshal Ney had been tried, condemned, and executed "snugly." "It is an undoubted fact," observes the diarist, "that he has betrayed Bonaparte." But the bravest of the brave was not destined to die as a traitor to his old master. Curiously, it was the Bourbons who had the very strongest reason for entertaining the conviction that the man who, when he took leave of Louis XVIII. at the Tuileries, promised to bring back Napoleon in an iron cage, had betrayed *them;* and so soon as the second restoration was successfully accomplished it was by the Bourbons that the luckless Prince de la Moskova was snugly tried, condemned, and executed. By Tuesday, the 27th, Napoleon, who still lingered at the Elysée, hesitating as to which power he should give himself up, and vainly entreating for a safe-conduct to the United States, was currently spoken of on the boulevards as "Monsieur Bonaparte." At five in the afternoon a ministerial bulletin appeared, containing the information that the Allies were at Noyen, St. Quentin, Guise, and Avesnes, and that Blucher with his advanced-guard was at Compiègne. The Prussians were at Compiègne only the other day (1870), and smashed a large quantity of the imperial crockery-ware at the palace. Crowds of peasantry began to flock into Paris through the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, and intelligence arrived that a royalist insurrection on a grand scale had commenced in La Vendée. At ten o'clock at night the sound of cannon was heard in the direction of Meaux.

On the 28th the Allies were within a day's march of Paris. During the forenoon small bodies of French troops entered the city in the greatest disorder. The groups of poor country people flocking in, with cart-loads of furniture, provisions, cows, horses, and sheep, continued to be a most distressing spectacle. Paris, however, was "perfectly tranquil," and "Mr. Bonaparte" was at Malmaison. "Never, to my recollection," writes the diarist at eight o'clock in the evening, "not even on days of festivity, have I seen so many genteel persons on the boulevards, from the Rue de la Paix to the Porte St. Martin, as to-day. Crowds of elegant females are promenading, brought out by the critical state of public affairs, yet looking cheerfulness and confidence. Miserable remnants of half-destroyed regiments are constantly passing before these gay companies, but the eyes here are not much connected with the heart. The middle of the boulevard is crowded with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, going and coming to and from the head-quarters—where? *at the gates of Paris!* Close to these horrid trains of destructives people are sitting on chairs, reading the newspapers, eating ices, and sipping lemonade. Is it not more than probable that, in a few hours, these seats will be filled with the dead and the dying? What reason have we to feel confident that Paris will not be sacked? We are Parisians. That is the reply." "At ten o'clock at night," records this Parisian Pepys, "the first Prussian prisoner has just passed; he was escorted by five grenadiers of the National Guard, and walked along dejectedly, leading his horse by the bridle. I hope, for the sake of the nation, that his escort will be able to protect him from the fury of the ruffians who now compose the French army."

From two until seven in the morning of Friday, the 30th, the guns were heard roaring in the plain of St. Denis. The departure of Napoleon for Rochefort (where he gave himself up to Captain Maitland) was officially announced. "The soldiers appeared in the streets half drunk, and crying *Vive l'Empéreur!* (poor devils!) with the ferocious expression of untamable brutes; their rage against the Prussians, the royalists, and the English is in the last degree ferocious." The principal part of Vandamme's corps had now arrived; alarm spread, most of the shops were shut, and there were expectations of a great combat on the morrow. At ten o'clock at night the gossips of the boulevards said that the intention of the Allies was to blockade Paris. "The Parisians have become all of a sudden in terror of famine, and crowds are flocking to the merchants to purchase provisions. The public spirit is very low."

On Sunday the situation became somewhat more defined. The idea of resistance *à outrance* seemed to have been abandoned by the chiefs of the provisional government, who may in part have owed their change of mind to a very terse message sent in by Blucher, who observed, that if an immediate surrender did not take place it would be his painful duty to bombard Paris until not one stone remained on another. There was some fighting, and much more manœuvring, on the 3d of July; and the diarist asks if Wellington is again "waiting for seven o'clock in the evening"—a curious confirmation of one of the most hotly disputed Waterloo stories. At two in the afternoon the firing ceased, and Bondy, Guilleminot, and Guinon were the head-quarters of the Allies, whose commanders refused to treat with any but the municipal authorities of Paris. Some of the marshals visited the British lines, and "interviewed" the Duke. And now once more the diarist: "Five o'clock in the afternoon. AN ARMISTICE IS CONCLUDED—terms unknown—universal joy. Stocks sixty-two."

On the ensuing Thursday, the 6th, the barriers of Paris were quietly given up to the foreign troops, and the remains of the French army sulkily marched out westward, to be known for some months afterward by the appropriate name of "Les Brigands de la Loire." A body of 2000 National Guards proceeded to St. Denis to pay their respects to Louis XVIII., that unwieldy exile having come by easy stages from Ghent so far toward his faithful capital. On Friday, the 7th, *the Prussians took possession of the Palace of the Tuileries;* and on Saturday the white flag of Bourbonism was hoisted on all the public buildings side by side with the national ensigns of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England. *Consummatum erat.* The Prussians were in Paris.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE LADIES OF AREQUIPA.

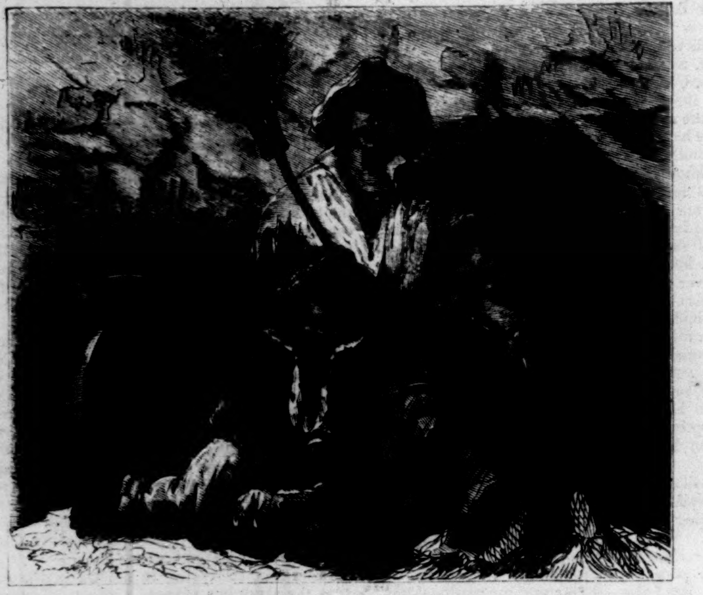
By JACOB ABBOTT.

The City of Arequipa.—Construction of the Dwelling-Houses.—Earthquakes.—The Ladies of Arequipa.—How they Dress.—Fashion of Going to Church.—Pages on the Retired List.

THE city of Arequipa is situated in one of the most charming valleys in the world. It is among the Andes; and though it is within the tropics, its position is so elevated that no intense heat is ever experienced there, and a slight frost is the extreme of cold.

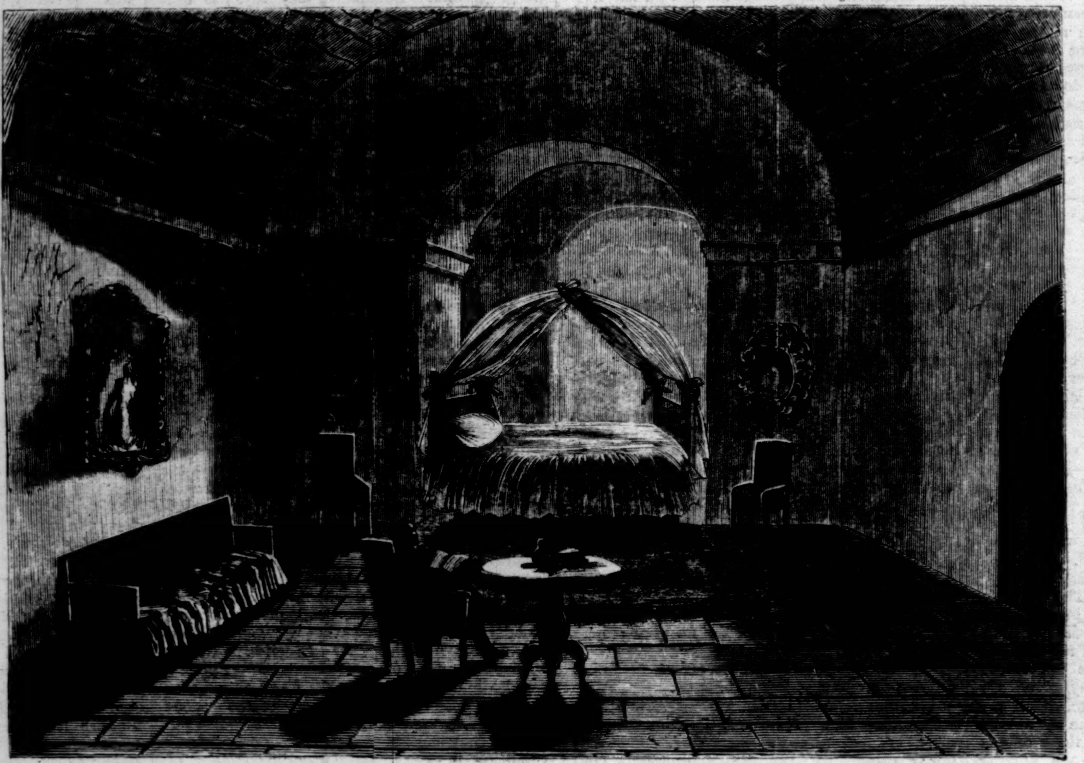
The valley occupies a region of very considerable extent, and is a scene of perennial beauty and fertility. It is filled with smiling villages and fruitful fields, and is surrounded, moreover, with mountain scenery of the most stupendous grandeur. There is but one drawback to the charm of this earthly paradise, and that is that it lies in the very centre and strong-hold of the domain of earthquakes and volcanic fire. Beauty and fertility and perpetual summer, with incessant exposure to sudden and overwhelming destruction.

The people build their houses of stone, one story, and of very massive masonry, and with vaulted roofs of timber-work or stone. They make a recess in the thickness of the wall for the bed, and have very few openings for doors or windows, for fear of diminishing the solidity of the edifice, and thereby impairing its power to stand firm under the shakings which it is destined to undergo.



ON THE RETIRED LIST.

They build no chimneys, for it is seldom cold enough to require a fire, except for cooking; and they have various contrivances for disposing of the fumes produced in cooking without building tall chimneys to be toppled down. The ground beneath them is subject at all times to fits of groaning, rumbling, and trembling; and the volcanoes near may at any time break out into fearful eruptions. The city has, in fact, been repeatedly destroyed by these disastrous outbreaks; but as a commotion of sufficient magnitude to demolish the dwellings and crush the occupants to death is not likely to occur oftener than once in a century, the people of each generation conclude, very philosophically, that the period of comparative repose will "outlast their time;" and so they enjoy their fruits and their flowers and the loveliness of their climate and scenery, and eat and drink, and marry and are given in marriage, in nearly the same peace and quietness as those of us in other parts of the world enjoy, who have more stable foundations for our homes.



AN INTERIOR IN AREQUIPA.

The kind of shaking, however, to which they are at all times subject, magnificent and beautiful as their country is, and genial as is their climate, recalls to mind the reflection of the New England father, who, when his children were complaining fretfully of the winter's cold, and wishing that they lived in a warmer climate, told them that it was a great deal better to be shaken with the cold than by earthquakes, or by fever and ague.

The people of the country are of a mixed race, being now chiefly the common descendants of the Spaniards, who were the first Europeans to colonize and settle in these countries, and of the aboriginal inhabitants, who, when the Spaniards came, had already attained to a very considerable degree of advancement in civilization. The superiority, however, of the European race and of the European civilization has asserted itself very strongly in the process of amalgamation, the European arts and usages and language and fashion of dress having become greatly predominant over those of the native tribes. The style of dress, for example, follows as closely as the distance and the uncertain means of communication will allow the general type prevailing in France and Spain—modified, however, in some degree by the taste and usages of the natives. Our lady readers can judge, perhaps, from the examples which we here give—and for which we are indebted to the drawings made on the spot by a French naturalist, who has recently given to the world a full account of a journey made by him through these countries—how far the ladies of Arequipa have attempted to improve upon the French models through the influence of aboriginal ideas of elegance and beauty.

The mantilla, as in all Spanish countries, is a very important article of this attire; not only, it is said, on account of the function it fulfills as a covering, and of the graceful wavings and folds which it assumes in the endless variety of forms which it may be made to present in its different adjustments, but also on account of the charming gracefulness of person and movement which the wearer herself displays in the manifestation of it. The head-dress is elaborate. There is a high comb, and below it, behind, an arrangement of artificial hair hanging in pendent curls, which the French writer calls "weeping curls," as we would say "weeping willows."—The plumage of the bird of Paradise is a favorite ornament for the hair, and, with it, imitations of insects or flowers in gold and precious stones, which are attached to the ends of slender spiral wires, where they swing tremulously to and fro with every movement of the wearer.

The fan is almost unknown as an article of dress, the climate never requiring the use of any cooling contrivance of that kind. For something to take its place as a means of occupation for the hand they carry a small bag. These bags are made of various forms, and are embellished with every conceivable variety of ornamentation.

The ladies of Arequipa are very fond of riding, and they manage their horses with great dexterity. The costume, however, which they adopt for this purpose, so far as we can judge from the representation of it which our author gives, seems to incline far more toward the Indian type than toward the European.

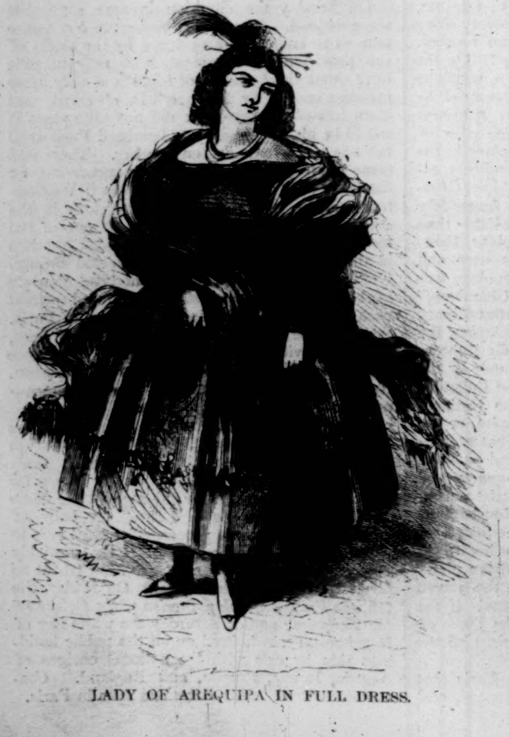
They have, moreover, a special dress for the church, there being often in Catholic countries some very commendable restrictions in respect to the amount of gayety and display admissible in the toilet when going to engage in the sacred duties of divine service in the house of God. The church dress of the Arequipa lady is always black, made, both in respect to the cutting and the trimming, in a comparatively simple manner. The dress and the mantilla are both of silk, the latter being trimmed with lace, and worn in such a manner that the lace forms a species of ruffle, which is brought forward about the face. Indeed, the dress is so made, and so arranged in the wearing of it, that the whole of the person, except the features of the face, is covered.

In the back-ground of the picture is seen an Indian boy following the lady, and carrying over his shoulder the carpet upon which his mistress is to kneel at her place in the church. Such a carpet as this is used instead of the cushions and covered benches employed in other parts of the world. The fashionable ladies pride themselves on the possession of such a page as this, an Indian boy from the mountains being preferred. Such a boy, bought of his parents, is often sent, it is said, as a valuable present to a lady by a gentleman friend. One is often promised by a gentleman to his daughter, or to any lady whom he is specially desirous to please—so much so that when a company is setting off on some tour of business or exploration among the mountains in the interior it is not uncommon to hear, among other words of farewell, the reminder, "And be sure not to forget to send me my little Indian boy."

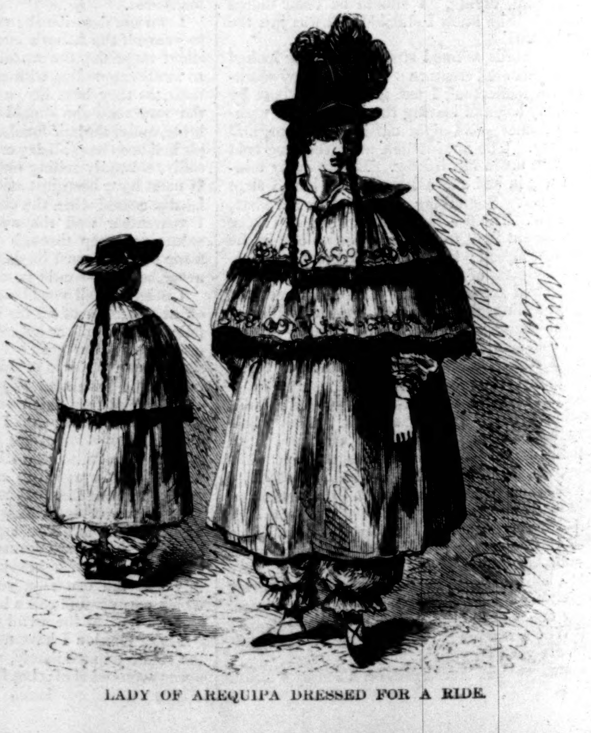
A person who has made such a promise can redeem it without much difficulty, as the half-savage father and mother can generally be easily induced, for a moderate consideration in the shape of money or of such merchandise as they prize, to give up their boy to this service in the town.

Of course, while these pages remain young enough to serve as the personal attendants of their mistress, they are treated somewhat as favorites, being often petted, and always nicely dressed. But when this time is passed they become "superannuated," as we might say—a fate which sooner or later befalls them all, and, of course, comes much earlier with some than with others. The poor things are then, of course, stripped of their finery, and turned off, some into the kitchen, and some into the street, to earn their livelihood as they can.

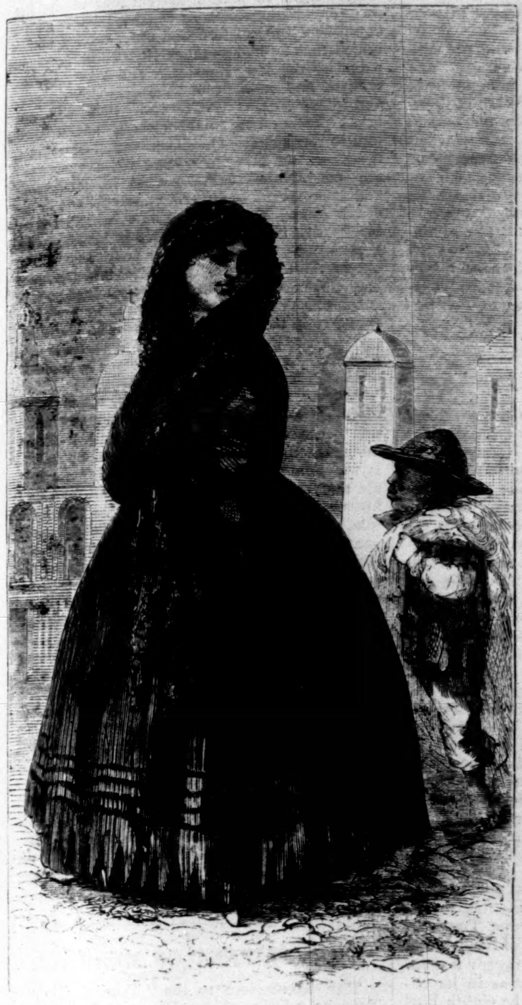
The ladies of Arequipa set a very high value upon jewels and gems, and greatly prize them—not only as personal ornaments, but as votive offerings at the shrines of the Virgin and of the saints, with which the churches abound. The images and the dolls which are every where set up as aids to their devotion are profusely and very richly decorated with gold and gems; which treasures, as our author states, though very much exposed, are effectually protected by the sentiment of veneration and awe which even the worst men there feel in re-



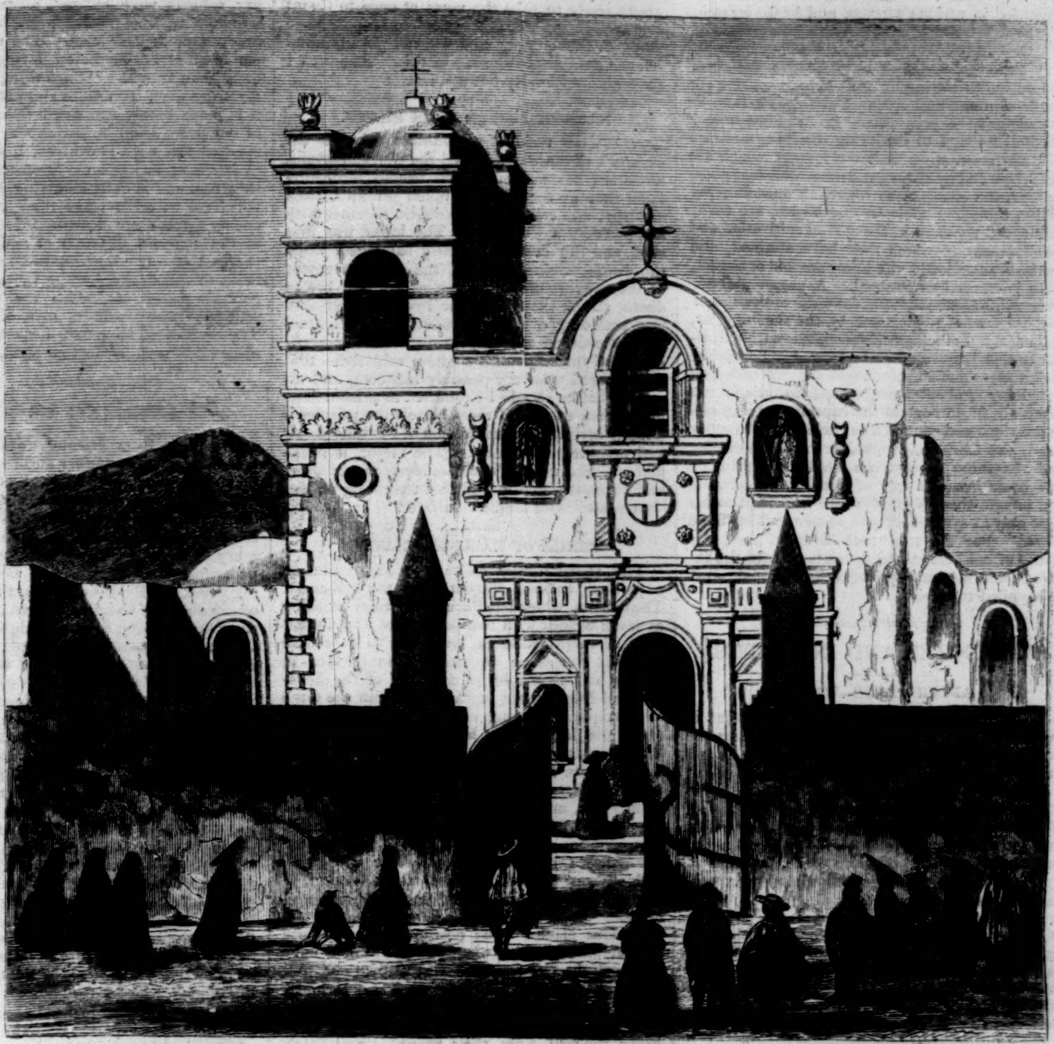
LADY OF AREQUIPA IN FULL DRESS.



LADY OF AREQUIPA DRESSED FOR A RIDE.



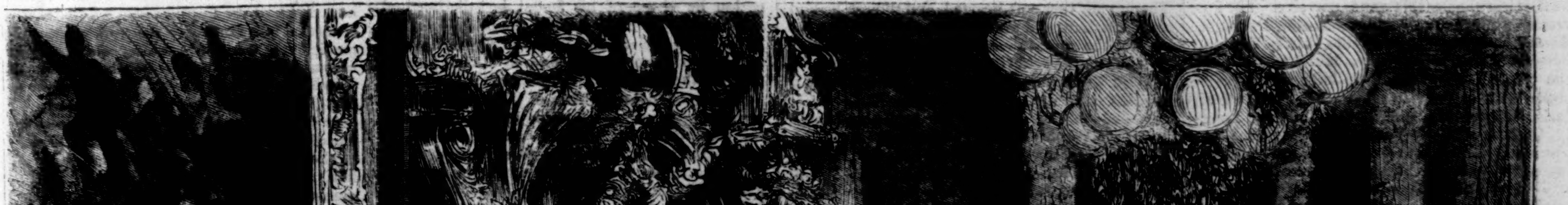
DRESSED FOR CHURCH.



GOING TO CHURCH IN AREQUIPA.

spect to the objects and places consecrated to the service of religion and of the Church A robber who would waylay and murder a helpless traveler without the least compunction, to gain possession of his purse, would be overwhelmed with remorse and horror if he had yielded to the temptation of despoiling of the smallest jewel the carved and painted image of the Virgin in a church.

There are a great many of these images in the churches, representing the Virgin and Christ in different forms, being impersonations of divinity



HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

presented in various aspects, and in the exercise of very diverse functions. Although the doctrine of "the Church" is that these different effigies are only so many modes of awakening a feeling of veneration in the minds of the worshipers for one single supreme and spiritual divinity, it is to be feared that the poor people do not always look beyond the sign to the thing signified, but that this adoration stops with the images, which are thus regarded by them as so many different gods. Indeed, the conceptions which all men form of divine things, in their inmost hearts, are really influenced far more by the mental cultivation and development to which they have attained, and are less controlled by what they are told or taught, than is generally imagined. A pagan philosopher will sometimes form, from the multitude of gods presented to his mind by the theology, or, rather, the mythology of his times, an ideal divinity that is spiritual and *one*, and of which the multitude of deified personages are only rude and imaginary embodiments, suited to minds not much advanced beyond the capacity for *material* impressions and conceptions; while, on the other hand, the Christian worshiper whose thinking and reasoning powers are wholly uncultivated will be in great danger of adoring the pictures and images themselves, that are presented to his view only as symbols of one unseen and ineffable power. For the true well-being of man the means of cultivation and development for the intellect, and spiritual guidance for the soul, must be supplied together.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

AFTER PEACE—WHAT?

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, discussing what is to be done after the fall of Paris, deprecates the extension of the war further to the south, as calculated to attenuate the German lines, and expose them to incessant guerrilla attacks. It points out that, even if a truce and preliminaries of peace are arranged, the troops will not be able very soon to evacuate France. The peace negotiations will probably be more protracted than at Prague. A National Assembly, moreover, will have to be called and ratify the treaty. Even then the soldiers will have to await the payment of the indemnity and the fulfillment of other obligations. After the peace of 1815, when France had to pay the comparatively small indemnity of £28,000,000, and the not less moderate sum of £64,000,000 as compensation for private losses, the foreign occupation did not entirely cease till November 30,1818.

THE MILITARY POWER OF FRANCE.

The editor of the Cologne *Gazette* thinks Germany has rendered a great service to the rest of Europe by destroying the military power of France. "How immensely strong the defensive power of France hitherto was," he says, "we are now learning by this war to perceive. The fortresses of Metz, Strasburg, Schelestat, Breisach, Marsal, Phalsbourg, Thionville, Toul, Verdun, Soissons, Laon, Montmédy, Mézières, Amiens (the citadel), and Pérone we have already conquered with more or less loss. The capture of Paris, Belfort, Besançon, Lyons, Langres, Longwy, Cambrai, Douai, Valenciennes, Arras, Lille, Cherbourg, Brest, irrespective of the southern fortresses, still remain, and if success is not to be doubted, time, money, and loss of life are requisite. It is an uncommonly concentrated military power, this always warlike-minded France; and that we are now radically destroying its power, and thereby securing peace to Europe for a long time, is a great service which the German people are performing for the future of all European states."

THE GERMANS IN FRANCE.

The German forces on French soil comprise, according to the calculation of a Berlin paper, 591 battalions, with 575,100 men; 424 cavalry squadrons, with 66,400 men; 280 batteries, with 74,100 men and 1680 guns; and 12,600 engineers—making a total of 728,000 men. The effective strength on the 1st of January was about 510,000 men, and so many reserves are being sent that it will hardly fall below this number. Sixty-two Landwehr battalions from the old provinces, and sixty-two battalions from the new provinces and Saxony, are available for active service if required, and a portion of these have already been directed to undertake *etappen* duty.

SNUBBING A PRINCE.

The *Courrier de la Gironde*, confirming the news of General Changarnier having snubbed Prince Napoleon when he made overtures to him at Brussels for a Bonapartist restoration, vouches for the authenticity of the following extract from a letter written by Changarnier himself: "In returning from the post-office, whither I had gone to throw in the letter to which you now respond, I was closely followed by Plon-Plon in person. I was surprised to see this big, fat person filling up my poor little parlor; but I preserved my soldier's *sang-froid*, and, without asking him to sit down, inquired how it happened that I had the honor of his visit. After many compliments, impossible to be repeated, about my importance and my renown, Plon-Plon added: 'You alone can save France, and put an end to this war. The Empress is but *une brute* (*sic*). You must be Regent, and bring back the little Prince. I can guarantee you the assent of Prussia and Bismarck. You will assemble on the frontier 150,000 of our prisoners, commanded by generals of your own choosing. When you shall have executed the members of the provisional government, and some few hundred other scoundrels, order will be permanently restored. If you agree to this proposal, I have an agent ready to take the news at once to Count Bismarck.' 'Prince,' I replied to him, 'I have done with romancing, and will not put my hand to such an absurd romance as this.' And then I showed him the way down stairs."

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A Jewish resident at Dantzic, who on the outbreak of the war followed the German armies as sutler, has written to his friends informing them that he was recently taken prisoner, tried as a spy, and condemned to death, together with his partner, a Christian. The latter was first shot, and the Jew was already bandaged, when the words "Schma Israel," the commencement of the prayer offered up by every Jew before death, struck the ears of the French major who was presiding over the execution. He immediately ordered the suspension of the proceedings, and turning to his soldiers told them that the accused was very possibly innocent, and directed that he should be remitted to prison. The major then examined more closely the prisoner's papers, arrived at a conviction of his innocence, and procured his release. The major, it is explained, like many French officers, was a Jew, and his conscience forbade his executing an unjust sentence on a fellow-believer.

PERILS OF BALLOON TRAVEL.

The *Independance Belge* gives an account of a perilous balloon descent near the sea-coast. The balloon, which left Paris on Monday morning at seven o'clock with two passengers and a great bulk of correspondence, was seen to pass over Brussels the same morning. The persons in charge had been told by the chief of the Aeronautical Department in Paris that with the force of wind then blowing their progress would be about five leagues per hour. Two hours after their departure they were over Brussels; but, relying upon the information they received, they believed they were not more than ten leagues from Paris, and therefore feared to descend, lest they should fall into the hands of the Germans. They continued their course, but in less than an hour they came within sight of the sea. The balloon was then 13,000 feet from the earth; but the travelers, perceiving the perilous nature of their position, immediately cut open the silk in various places. The descent was made with fearful velocity, and when the car dashed upon the earth the two travelers were thrown out, but, although they fainted, they were not seriously hurt. One packet of dispatches was also thrown out; but the balloon, with the remainder, after being relieved from their weight, immediately rose. It was ultimately seen to fall into the sea.

MAN AND SOLDIER.

A German artilleryman states, in a letter to his parents, that on entering Mézières he was proud, as a soldier, of the effect of the guns, but, as a man, he cursed and shuddered at the war. Though not very soft-hearted, and though he had seen Strasburg and much destruction and wretchedness, the appearance of Mézières surpassed every thing he had previously witnessed. Scarcely a house was uninjured, and the church was partly in ruins. From the very first house—or rather ruin—which they passed, the besieging troops heard the word "*canaille*" uttered by a woman, who clenched her fist at them. One of the soldiers would have gone up to her, but he held him back, for the woman was doubtless standing on the still smoking ruins of her house and property. While passing through the town, hearing ever and anon of the number of persons who had been crushed by the fall of this or that house, the troops suddenly heard the music of the advancing Seventy-fourth regiment. "Misery and grief are forgotten, and our hearts beat at the enlivening strains of the national hymn. The man is shaken off, and the soldier resumes his rights, for man and soldier are two things often very different. Yes, war is terrible, but it is also grand."

SORROWS OF PRINCE HENRI.

The following letter has been addressed by the Count of Chambord to the *Union* and the *Gazette de France*:

"It is impossible longer for me to keep silence. I had hoped that the death of so many heroes, fallen upon the field of battle, that the energetic resistance of a capital resigned to endure all to keep the enemy outside its walls, would spare my country new trials; but the bombardment of Paris wrings from my grief a cry which I can not retain. The son of Christian kings who have made France, I groan at the sight of her disasters; condemned to inability to redeem them at the price of my life, I raise my testimony before peoples and kings, and protest, as much as I am able in the face of Europe, against the most sanguinary and lamentable war that was ever waged. Who should speak to the world, if not I, for the town of Clovis, of Clotilde, of Géneviève; for the town of Charlemagne, of Saint Louis, of Philip Augustus, and of Henry IV.; for the capital of the sciences, the arts, and of civilization? No! I will not see the great city perish which each of my ancestors used to call 'my good town of Paris.' And since I can do nothing more, my voice shall be raised from my exile to protest against the ruin of my country. My voice shall cry to earth and to Heaven, assured of meeting with the sympathy of man, and awaiting the justice of God. Henri.

"*January* 7, 1871."

SUFFERING IN GERMANY.

The dispatch of reserves and war material from Berlin is monopolizing means of transport, and seriously interfering with civil business. The stores of fuel, according to a letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, are almost exhausted, and the price has considerably risen. The elementary schools were obliged, after the Christmas holidays, to send their pupils home, partly on account of lack of coal. The number of pauper families has increased, owing to the war, by more than 13,000. "Such things make the wish for peace even here more and more earnest; and it is more loudly expressed than from the tone of our press could be gathered. Warmly, however, as this wish is evinced, it does not extend to peace at any price. Even the man who has incurred, and is daily incurring, heavy sacrifices, will have no other peace than one by which our enemy's teeth are drawn. He sees, therefore, in the constant dispatch of additional force to the seat of war a new guarantee for the attainment of this desire." The writer adds that the garrison battalions taking the place of troops sent to France includes men of advanced age. The district of Dirschau, for example, has furnished 530 men, almost all aged.

STIRLING CASTLE.

The view from Stirling Castle impresses all beholders with its variety and beauty, including, as it does, not only the field of Bannockburn, the Abbey Crag—on which a monument in memory of William Wallace has of late years been erected, which stands as a landmark, visible in every direction for many miles around—but the beautiful woods of Kier, the fashionable watering-place, the Bridge of Allan, the majestic ruins of the abbey of Cambuskenneth, and the sinuous river that, issuing from the highest hills beyond Callander, assumes the names, ere it reaches Stirling, of the Avondhu and the Forth. And the interior of the castle is as greatly worthy of a long visit from every intelligent and well-read traveler as the exterior. In the banqueting-hall the kings of the houses of Bruce and Stuart, and even of an earlier time, were accustomed to hold the Round Table, supposed to have been originally established by King Arthur, though no record states when that fabulous monarch inhabited Scotland. The old Parliament House, in which the estates of the realm met under the Stuarts, is now used as a barrack for the garrison. Almost if not every room of the palace and castle has its own little bit of romance and tradition; but that which excites the greatest interest among the multitude—for the same reason that makes the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's so attractive—is the little bedroom of King James the Second, where a very ghastly tragedy was enacted, ghastly alike in its first act as in its climax and catastrophe. William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, haughtiest and savagest among the haughty and savage Scottish nobles of his time, carried things with somewhat too high a hand in the south of Scotland and in his own extensive domain to be considered either a peaceable, a safe, or a loyal subject by his king. Douglas had seized and imprisoned one M'Clellan of Bombie, and threatened to bring him to trial and execution by virtue of his feudal jurisdiction and authority. Sir Patrick Grey, commander of the king's body-guard, and uncle of M'Clellan, obtained from James the Second, at Stirling, a warrant for the delivery of the prisoner. On Grey's arrival at Douglas's castle of Thrave, Douglas, suspecting his errand, invited him to dine, with the remark that it was "ill talking between a full man and a fasting." Grey accepted the invitation; and in the mean while the unfortunate M'Clellan was, by the grim earl's orders, led out into the court-yard and summarily beheaded. After dinner Grey proceeded to business, and presented the king's warrant. "You are too late, Sir Patrick!" said Douglas. "Your sister's son lies in the court without his head. *That* I can not spare you, but you are welcome to the dead body." Grey sprang suddenly to his steed, and, vowing revenge for the cruel and dastardly outrage, rode off, pursued by some of Douglas's men until within a few miles of Edinburgh. He lived to be revenged, and in a manner which he could not have anticipated. The king was highly incensed, not only at the murder, which was but the climax of many other atrocities, but at the confederacy into which Douglas had entered, with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, Moray, and other great nobles, against his crown and authority. But Douglas was too powerful a person to be lightly assailed; and at a loyal council it was resolved to offer him an amnesty for all past offenses, if he would renew his oath of allegiance, and break off his connection with the confederacy. For this purpose he was invited to visit the king at Stirling, with promises of a hospitable and a friendly reception, and provided with a writ of safe-conduct. Douglas was strongly dissuaded by his friends against trusting in the king's word; but, confiding in the writ, he set forth, attended by his trustiest clansmen and several hundred retainers, all well mounted and armed, and arrived at Stirling on the 20th of February, 1451. His followers were lodged in the town, and himself and nearest kinsmen, to the number of about twenty, in the castle. Every thing went on smoothly and quietly between the king and his powerful subject. They dined and drank together, sat and walked and conversed amicably, always avoiding, however, the main subject at issue between them. On the second day the king gave a great state banquet to the council, at which, after the removal of the cloth, the matter of the confederacy, of which Douglas was supposed to be the head and the heart, was brought forward and discussed. The discussion grew warm, and being shared by too many disputants, the king suddenly asked Douglas to retire with him into an adjoining room—a bedroom—to discourse with him privately. Here the king endeavored to persuade him to return to his allegiance, and to break the bond into which he had entered with the disaffected nobles. Douglas defended himself quietly against some of the charges made against him, alleged his feudal right to punish his enemies within his own jurisdiction, and, as regarded his bond or compact with Crawford and other nobles, maintained that he had as much right to make compacts as the king himself. The king lost his temper, and in a fit of rage drew his dagger, and exclaimed, "Traitor! if thou wilt not break the bond, my dagger shall," and stabbed him to the heart. Douglas attempted to return the blow, but in vain. The lords of the council, hearing the scuffle, rushed in, all armed, and Douglas fell to the ground, stabbed in twenty-six places, the finishing blow being given by Sir Patrick Grey, who smashed in his head with a pole-axe. This done, the body was thrown out of the little bedroom window into the court below, where it was immediately buried. This room was almost wholly destroyed by fire a few years ago, but has been restored in the exact style of the original. In 1797 a skeleton of a man was found in the spot indicated by tradition as that in which Douglas was buried.

Another room in Stirling Castle, which has associations of a pleasanter character, is that which was the study of James the Sixth when a child under the tutorship of the celebrated Buchanan. It was here that the future King of Great Britain and Ireland climbed painfully up the hill of knowledge, and that when he was remiss, or idle, or stupid, which often happened, a scapegoat was found for his offenses in the shape of a little boy of his own age, who received the whippings that ought of right to have been administered to the royal offender. It is related that Buchanan, losing faith in this vicarious method of punishment, one day, when he was more than usually aggravated by the inattention or stupidity of his pupil, administered the treatment to his royal pupil himself with a force and decisiveness which made the young king roar as lustily as if he had been a small Etonian, or a parochial charity-boy, undergoing the same penance. The king's governess, the Countess of Mar, rushed into the room, with fury in her eyes, and seizing James from his castigator, asked the schoolmaster, savagely, "how he dared to lay his hands on the Lord's anointed?" Buchanan's reply has been duly preserved for the laughter of posterity, but does not exactly suit the decorum of this paper, or of modern parlance.

THE CONVENT OF MAR SÂBA.

The frontispiece to the "Talisman," in the Favorite edition of the Waverley Novels, represents the convent of Mar Sâba, in the region of the Dead Sea, and the rugged grandeur of its site. If the reader has the volume at hand, let him study this picture well, for there is nothing else like the place portrayed in Palestine or the world. Its church, courts, cells, and chambers are built up and let into the caves and ridges of a lofty precipice, so that you can not determine how much of the formidable structure before you is natural and how much the work of man. This precipice is faced by another, equally perpendicular and high, so that the holy house of Mar Sâba stands on the side of a roofless tunnel, the walls of which are above and below and opposite. The only situation at all like it is the mythical dwelling of one of the Children of the Mist, pointed out to the tourist in the Highlands as he looks up, half shudderingly, on his passage through the gloomy Glencoe. The house of Mar Sâba is far more like a fortress than a convent, and its monks still adopt many of the precautions of a state of siege. No woman and no Bedouin is permitted to cross its threshold, and our little party was inspected minutely from a carefully guarded loophole while our credentials were read, and before the narrow and ponderous iron door turned slowly on its hinges, and we were permitted to enter. We found ourselves in a small court-yard, strongly guarded, and were conducted subsequently over a wilderness of cells, refectories, flat roofs, hospital wards, chapels, and ancient cells. Some were mere natural caves, others were holes scooped by hand out of the solid rock, and others, again, such as the church, with its enormous buttresses, dome, and clock-turret, were elaborate specimens of ornate architecture. On looking out, there was nothing but an enormous chasm to be seen, and it seemed as if we were at the end of the world. The monks looked dazed and feeble-minded, as if the utter solitude and gloomy grandeur had been too much for their minds, though the one who conducted us round was, perhaps, from frequent performance of similar duties as guest-master, both garrulous and bland. From a small open terrace about the size of a hearth-rug we looked to right and left, up and down the awful space below us, while our host, uttering a peculiarly shrill cry, brought what looked like a gray mouse from its hiding-place in the rocks. The mouse was a fox, which looked up cunningly for the bread thrown to him; and the good father explained that thus feeding the wild foxes and jackals of the ravine formed the chief amusement of his leisure. We had much talk concerning the holy St. Sabas, the founder of the convent, a native of Cappadocia, who flourished in the fifth century, and, by his reputation for extraordinary sanctity, drew thousands after him into this dreary glen. The precipice opposite to us is riddled with holes, each of which was once the lair, not of a wild beast, but of a recluse, who believed himself to be serving God by leading a life of useless solitude. There are no pathways or other modes of approach to these very ineligible residences. They are sheer holes in an upright wall, and our monk laid quite an unctuous stress on the statement that those who lived and died there were let down severally in baskets, and never afterward returned to the upper world. Their only means of subsistence, he insisted, was the charity of the pilgrims who flocked hither from all parts of the world, and who let down contributions of bread and fruit, until a day came when the basket was not emptied, nor an answering pull given to the rope from above, and then the word went round that one more holy father had, after ten, or fifteen, or twenty years of death in life, departed finally, and that his late hole was ready for another tenant. We saw hundreds of these caves here, and next day in the rocky sides of Quarantania, known as the Mountain of the Temptation, and as each of them represented a succession of empty lives, which had in their time been quoted as examples to the ignorant and credulous, we numbered them among the many shockingly melancholy sights of Palestine.

The past history and present surroundings of the convent are in accordance with its appearance, and justify its precautions and fortress look. It was attacked and conquered by the Persians in the seventh century, and its monks murdered; it was frequently stormed during the fierce struggles of the Crusaders, and it is now one of the richest convents in the Holy Land, with a church stocked with gold and silver ornaments, a valuable library, which includes rare manuscripts, and priceless relics in the shape of piled-up bones of murdered saints, in the very centre of a district infested by the wildest Bedouins. No wonder, then, that the monks keep a strict guard, and that the convent is made as difficult of access as the original lion's den in which St. Sabas dwelt, and which was the germ of the entire building.

SCIENCE AND IMAGINATION.

On the 16th of September, 1870, Dr. Tyndall delivered before the British Association, at Liverpool, a wonderful oration, "On the Scientific Use of the Imagination." We are constantly reminded, even by the conversational expressions of everyday life, of the help which imagination affords to science. How is an important discovery spoken of? It is a bright idea, a lucky hit, a happy thought, a fortunate guess, a clever notion, an inspiration of genius, a successful experiment. It is evidently something good and new attained by an intellectual leap or spring, and not a result worked out step by step, by chopping logic and spinning a series of "therefores," like Euclid's solution of a problem.

What are scientific experiments but brilliant efforts of the imagination? "I imagine that, under such and such circumstances, such and such will be the case. I don't know it; but I will try." By no one is this fact more profusely and more convincingly illustrated than by Dr. Tyndall, both in his published books and his lectures. He amplifies the experiments of other philosophers, besides inventing experiments of his own. He wishes to know whether pure water be, as most people suppose it, absolutely colorless. It is so, as we usually see it in small quantities; but a very thin stratum of pale ale is almost as colorless as a stratum of water. He pours distilled water into a drinking-glass; it exhibits no trace whatever of color; so he imagines an experiment to show us that this pellucid liquid, in sufficient thickness, has a very decided color.

"Here," he says, triumphantly, "is a tube fifteen feet long, placed horizontally, its ends being stopped by pieces of plate-glass. At one end of the tube stands an electric lamp, from which a cylinder of light will be sent through the tube. It is now half filled with water, the upper surface of which cuts the tube in two equal parts horizontally. Thus I send half of my beam through air, and half through water, and with this lens I intend to project a magnified image of the adjacent end of the tube upon this screen. You now see the image, composed of two semicircles, one of which is due to the light which has passed through the water, the other to the light which has passed through the air. Side by side, thus, you can compare them; and you notice that while the air semicircle is a pure white, the water semicircle is a bright and delicate blue-green." The real color of distilled water was ascertained and proved beyond a doubt.

Again: somebody once imagined that sound was owing to commotions of some kind produced in the air, and consequently that air was necessary to the propagation of sound. No air, no sound, it was guessed. But what airless region of the world could the learned then find to put the notion to the test? In course of time the air-pump was constructed. A celebrated experiment, which proved the truth of the theory, was made by a philosopher named Hawksbee, before the Royal Society, in 1705. He so fixed a bell within the receiver of an air-pump, that he could ring the bell when the receiver was exhausted. Before the air was withdrawn the sound of the bell was heard within the receiver; after the air was withdrawn the sound became so faint as to be hardly perceptible.

Dr. Tyndall, as is his wont, carries it farther. After exhausting the receiver as perfectly as possible, he allows hydrogen gas—which is fourteen times lighter than air—to enter the vessel. The sound of the bell is not sensibly augmented by the presence of this attenuated gas, even when the receiver is full of it. By working the pump, the atmosphere round the bell is rendered still more attenuated. In this way a vacuum is obtained more perfect than that of Hawksbee, which is important, for it is the last traces of air that are chiefly effective in this experiment. The hammer is then seen pounding the bell, but no sound is audible. An ear placed against the exhausted receiver is unable to hear the faintest tinkle. Note, however, that the bell is suspended by strings; for if it were allowed to rest upon the plate of the air-pump, the vibrations would communicate themselves to the plate and be transmitted to the air outside. All that can be heard by the most concentrated attention, with the ear placed against the receiver, is a feeble thud, due to the transmission of the shock of the hammer through the strings which support the bell. On permitting air to enter the jar with as little noise as possible a feeble sound is immediately heard, growing louder as the air becomes more dense, until every person assembled in the lecture-room distinctly hears the ringing of the bell.

Count Rumford was one of the first to propound, in 1798, the theory regarding the nature of heat which is now universally admitted by men of science. The suggestive fact which led to it was the large amount of heat developed in the process of boring cannon at Munich. To test his idea, he contrived an apparatus for the generation of heat by friction, and with it succeeded in actually boiling water, originally at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, in two hours and a half. "It would be difficult," he says, "to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed in the countenances of the by-standers on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire." Dr. Tyndall, being short of time, produced the same effect by similiar means, on a small quantity of water, in two minutes and a half.

The electric telegraph is perhaps the thing which has most frequently missed the consummation of discovery. In 1732 it was prefigured in the shape of a desirable and perhaps possible talisman. Indeed talismans and amulets often express anxious longings after ends which we now either know to be impossible, or which we have either partially or completely realized. Express trains, for instance, are not bad substitutes for the flying carpet of the "Arabian Nights." Now Father Lebrun records the employment of the magnet as a means of conversing at a distance. "I have heard say several times that certain persons have interchanged secret communications by means of two magnetic needles. Two friends took each a compass, around which were engraved the letters of the alphabet, and, they pretend, when one of the friends made the needle point to any letter, the other needle, although distant several leagues, immediately turned to the same letter. I do not answer for the fact; I only know that several persons, as Salmut, have believed it possible, and that several persons have refuted this error."

This "error" is nothing less than the electric telegraph, minus the batteries and the conducting wires.

Aldini, again, in his "Essai Théorique et Experimentale sur le Galvanisme," published in 1804, hit upon a veritable electric telegraph without knowing it. His object was to ascertain whether a galvanic shock could be transmitted through the sea. It had already been effected through the waters of the Lake of Geneva by Swiss, and through those of the Thames by English philosophers. Happening to visit Calais, he laid down a wire from a battery on the end of the west jetty to the platform of Fort Rouge, now demolished. The effects of the battery fixed on the jetty were felt, not only by living persons stationed on the platform, but even recently slain animals betrayed by their contractions the fact that they had received the message sent from the distant battery. In this suggestive experiment (and we now wonder how people could be so dull) all that was wanted to constitute the telegraph were the dial-plates at each end of the wire.

Most happily does Dr. Tyndall select, as his principal illustration of the scientific use of the imagination, the undulatory theory of light. Light, which is the synonym of perception and intelligence, is, we now feel thoroughly assured, the result of a mechanism utterly and absolutely imperceptible by our senses. It is the consequence of pulsations or waves in a subtle ether pervading all space. But we only know the ether intellectually. No one has ever compressed it, so as to make it tangible, nor revealed its presence by chemical tests. No one has ever felt it blow on his cheek, or seen the lightest film of down displaced by its currents. The ether itself is far beyond our ken: and yet we know that it must exist, because we see, and witness the phenomena of light and vision, which, in many instances, are only a repetition, in another form, of the phenomena of sound.

It is difficult to state the case, even briefly, without borrowing not only Dr. Tyndall's thoughts, but in great measure his very words. Sound travels through different media with different velocities. In water it is propagated at the rate of four thousand seven hundred feet a second, whereas the wave-motion in water (like that produced by the fall of a heavy rain-drop on a tranquil pond) is propagated at a rate which does not amount to a foot a second. Gravity and inertia are the agents by which this wave-motion is produced, while in the case of the sound-pulse it is the elasticity of the water that is the urging force.

But water is not necessary to the conduction of sound; air is its most common vehicle. And when air possesses the particular density and elasticity corresponding to the temperature of freezing water, it is known that the velocity of sound in it is one thousand and ninety feet a second—almost exactly one-fourth of the velocity in water: the reason being that, although the greater weight of the water tends to diminish the velocity, the enormous molecular elasticity of the liquid far more than atones for the disadvantage due to weight. Now we have a tolerably clear idea of the phenomena of sound. By various contrivances we can compel the vibrations of the air to declare themselves; we know the length and frequency of sonorous waves. We can abolish one sound by another. We know the physical meaning of music and noise, of harmony and discord. In short, as regards sound, we have precise ideas of the physical processes by which special sensations are excited in our ears.

In these phenomena we travel a very little way from downright sensible experience. But still the imagination is brought into play to some extent. We construct in thought the waves of sound which we can not see with our bodily eye, and we believe as firmly in their existence as in that of the air itself. But, having mastered the cause and mechanism of sound, we desire to know the cause and mechanism of light. Here we have to call upon that expansive, almost creative power of the human intellect, which we call the imagination. In the case now before us, it is manifested by our transplanting into space, for the purposes of light, a modified form of the mechanism of sound.

We know on what the velocity of sound depends. When we lessen the density of a medium, and preserve its elasticity constant, we augment the velocity. When we heighten the elasticity, and keep the density constant, we also augment the velocity. A small density, therefore, and a great elasticity, are the two things necessary to rapid propagation.

Now light is known to move with the astounding velocity of one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles a second. How is such a velocity to be attained? By boldly diffusing in space a medium of the requisite tenuity and elasticity!

Accordingly, philosophers have made such a medium their starting-point, endowing it with one or two other necessary qualities, handling it in accordance with strict mechanical laws; and thus transferring it from the world of imagination to the world of sense, and trying whether the final result be not the very phenomena of light which ordinary knowledge and skilled experiment reveal. If in all the multiplied varieties of these phenomena, including those of the most remote and entangled description, this fundamental conception always brings them face to face with the truth; if no contradiction to their deductions from it be found in external nature; if, moreover, it has actually forced upon their attention phenomena which no eye had previously seen, and which no mind had previously imagined; if by it they find themselves gifted with a power of prescience which has never failed when brought to an experimental test—such a conception, which never disappoints them, but always lands them on the solid shores of fact, must, they think, be something more than a mere figment of the scientific fancy. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that reason and imagination, by their united action, have led them into an invisible world, which is not a bit less real than the world of the senses.

Imagination, then, in one brilliant instance, has guided us to one of the grandest physical facts. But this universal medium, this light-ether as it is called, is a vehicle, not an origin, of wave-motion. It receives and transmits, but it does not create. The motion it conveys is derived, for the most part, from luminous bodies. The scientific imagination, which is here authoritative, demands, as the origin and cause of a series of ether-waves, a particle of vibrating matter, quite as definite as, though incomparably smaller than, that which gives origin to a musical sound. Such a particle is named an atom, or a molecule, and is, we think, by no means difficult to imagine.

Acting on our retina, the different light-waves produce the sensation of different colors. Red, for example, is produced by the largest waves, violet by the smallest; while green and blue are produced by waves of intermediate length and amplitude. We may compare their differences of magnitude to the billows of the ocean and the ripples of a pond. The shingle that would stop the one would have no perceptible effect on the other. Now suppose a number of minute particles, like the motes which dance in sunbeams, to be suspended in the atmosphere. It will be admitted that, like the pebbles on a beach, they may have some influence on the smaller waves of light.

The sky is blue; which indicates a deficiency on the part of the larger waves. In accounting for the color of the sky the first question suggested by analogy would undoubtedly be, "Is not the air blue?" The blueness of the air has, in fact, been given as a solution of the blueness of the sky. But reason, basing itself on observation, asks in reply, "How, if the air be blue, can the light of sunrise and sunset, which travels through vast distances of air, be yellow, orange, and even red?" The passage of the white solar light through a blue medium could, by no possibility, redden the light. The hypothesis of a blue air is therefore untenable. In fact, the agent, whatever it is, which sends us the light of the sky, exercises, in so doing, a double action. The light reflected is blue, the light transmitted is orange or red.

But it is known that infinitely small particles, suspended in a medium, give it a blue tint, when seen by reflected light. There are glasses which show a bright yellow by transmitted, and a beautiful blue by reflected light. A trace of soap in water gives it a tint of blue, as does the steeping in it of a fresh shred of horse-chestnut bark. New York milk makes an approximation to the same color, through the operation of the same cause; and Helmholtz has irreverently disclosed the fact that a blue eye is simply a turbid medium.

The minuteness of the particles which produce our azure sky must be left entirely to imagination. From their perviousness to stellar light, and other considerations, Sir John Herschel drew some startling conclusions respecting the density and weight of the comets. We know that their tails often fill spaces immensely larger than the whole earth, whose diameter is only eight thousand miles. Both it and our sky, and a good space beyond the sky, would certainly be included in a sphere ten thousand miles across, three hundred thousand of which spheres would be required to make up a handsome comet's tail. Now suppose the whole of this cometary matter to be swept together and suitably compressed, what do we suppose its volume would be? Sir John Herschel would tell us that the whole mass of this cometary rubbish might be carted away at a single effort by a single dray-horse. Perhaps even a donkey might do the work.

After this we may entertain Dr. Tyndall's notion concerning the quantity of matter in our sky. Suppose a shell to surround the earth at a height above the surface which would place it beyond the grosser matter that hangs in the lower regions of the air—say at the height of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. Outside this shell we have the deep blue firmament. Let the atmospheric space beyond the shell be swept clean, and let the sky-matter be properly gathered up. What is its probable amount? Dr. Tyndall has thought that a lady's portmanteau, nay, even that a gentleman's portmanteau—possibly his snuff-box—might take it all in. But whether the actual sky be capable of this amount of condensation or not, he entertains no doubt that a sky quite as vast as ours, and as good in appearance, could be formed from a quantity of matter which might be held in the hollow of the hand.

After this the sky may fall without making us quake about broken bones.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

Bathing in the Dead Sea produces as novel a sensation as if you found yourself suddenly endowed with wings, and emulating the feats of a tumbler-pigeon in mid-air. You become a clumsy float, a top-heavy buoy, a swollen cork, the instant you are in its waters, and arms, legs, and body are apparently endowed with the strangest qualities. It is as if heavy weights were affixed to each directly you attempt to move, and experienced swimmers fail in their best strokes, by reason of the unnatural buoyancy with which they have to contend. Your limbs are on the surface, and you cleave the air with your hands, the moment you try to swim, and the man who would be drowned as soon as he was out of his depth in any other sheet of water in the world is the one best fitted for bathing in the Dead Sea. He can not sink in it, let him do what he will. It is as if he were incased in life-belts, or sprawling on a feather-bed. If he lean back and throw his feet up, it is exactly as if he were resting in a peculiarly well-stuffed easy-chair, with a leg-rest to match. He may fold his arms, turn on one side, lie flat upon his stomach or back, clasp his knees with both hands, or draw toes and head together, in the shape the human body would assume if crammed hastily into a jar with its extremities left out, and all with no more possibility of sinking than if he were in so much soft sand. Woe to him if he be tempted by these unusual facilities to stay long in the water with his head uncovered! The bare and rocky walls of the low-lying caldron which holds the Sea of Death reflect back the burning sun and concentrate its rays; and a coup de soleil will be the all but inevitable consequence of his imprudence. Two of our party entered the water, and remained in it for some seconds before they re-covered their heads, and the result was severe shooting pains, sickness, and dizziness, which lasted until their immersion, an hour later, in the refreshing waters of the Jordan. Woe, too, to the inexperienced stranger who, following his rule in other bathing, dips his head as well as his body into the Dead Sea. Inflamed eyes and nostrils, together with hair and beard laden with acrid salts, are among the penalties of his rashness; while if he taste its waters, he becomes acquainted with a greater concentration of nastiness than had entered into his imagination before. In buoyancy and bitterness the Sea of Sodom exceeded all we had heard or read respecting it; but in some other particulars our anticipations were falsified surprisingly. We looked for gloom, and we found brightness; we had imagined turbid waters, and we found a lake exquisitely clear and delicately blue; we expected perfect silence and an unbroken waste, and we found the birds singing sweetly among the tamarisks and oleanders, which spring up wherever a stream finds its way from the mountains to mingle with the mysterious inland sea.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The beliefs that were held some two or three hundred years ago regarding animals were most extraordinary. Not only were perfectly harmless creatures described as "deadlie" and "possessed of murthering faculties," but, what is most strange, they were reputed to be filled with all kinds of malignant passions and envious feelings. Deep, calculating designs, and spiteful, crafty cunning, were laid to the charge of the most inoffensive animals; and old natural history writers vie with each other in attributing bad qualities, both mental and physical, to the whole animal world.

That beasts of prey, serpents, and stinging insects should have borne a bad character in olden times is not very surprising; but that such humble and harmless creatures as caterpillars and worms should be written of as poisonous and deadly does indeed seem extraordinary at the present day.

In an old natural history book now before us, date 1608, we find the following character given of caterpillars, or "cankers:" "There is not any one sort of caterpillers but they are maligne, naught, and venomous;" and again, "All caterpillers have a burning qualitie, and such as will readily fetch off the skinne, and flea [flay] it quickly, and rayse blisters. If any one drinke the caterpiller [by some extraordinary accident, we presume] that liveth in the Pytch [fir] trees, there will forthwith follow a great paine about his mouth and jawes, vehement inflammation, with a sensible itching, the whole body, as it were burned and scalded with heate and hot vapours." The names of the creatures referred